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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HITLER controls Austria. His new Austrian Minister of the Interior, Dr. Seyss-Inquart, signalises his position by taking train for Berlin within a few hours of his appointment apparently to discuss Austria's withdrawal from the League. Nazi terrorists are freed from prison, while everyone anticipates more concentration camps for the Social Democrats and misery for the Jews in Vienna. The Berlin-Rome Axis has held. Italy expresses pleasure at Hitler's triumph; Britain tries to pretend that nothing important has happened; the French press voices loud alarm; the Czechs are disturbed by reports of coming German demands; and Stalin calls for increased vigilance amongst the working class in every country. Thus, a union legitimate and desirable in itself, which should never have been forbidden under Versailles or prevented when Brüning was Chancellor, has at last been accomplished under auspices which make it seem not a step towards peace, but a further threat to everyone's security.

Crisis in India

The Governors of two Indian provinces (Bihar and the United Provinces) have rejected the advice of their Congress Ministries to release all political prisoners. Since this was a prominent item in the programme on which the elections were won, these two Ministries have resigned. It is possible and even probable that "solidarity" may require similar action from the Congress Party in the other five provinces which it controls. The Viceroy, who instructed the two Governors to take this stand against their Ministers, has the power to take such action in order to prevent any "grave menace to the peace and tranquillity of India." There are only 15 "politicals" still in gaol in the United Provinces and only 26 in Bihar, and it is hard to believe that the Viceroy has precipitated a crisis over these forty-one men, even if some of them are convicted terrorists. There are, however, 387 political prisoners in Bengal, most of them untried *détenus* suspected by the police of terrorism. Now Bengal has a Moslem Ministry. Was it to spare it the embarrassment of adopting or rejecting a precedent of leniency that the Viceroy has been adamant elsewhere? The case is the more singular since in Bihar at least the Congress Ministry has been so moderate in its agrarian policy that it has deeply disappointed the Peasant League.

The War in China

Japanese forces are making a strong bid for possession of the Lunghai railway which connects Haichow on the

coast with Honan and intersects, at Suchow and Chengchow, respectively, the Peking-Nanking and Peking-Hangkow lines. Heavy fighting has developed north and south of Suchow, with conflicting claims made by each side. Farther west, Japanese columns have advanced rapidly—one moving on Kaifeng, a Lunghai railway station east of Chengchow, another southwards down the Peking-Hangkow line towards Chengchow itself. The latter column has still to force the passage of the Yellow River, the railway bridge over which has been destroyed by the Chinese. If Chengchow falls, the position of the Chinese forces around Suchow will clearly be precarious; but even if the Japanese secure the whole of the Peking-Hangkow railway, forcing a general Chinese retreat beyond the Yangtze, it will be a vast military task to clear of irregulars the vast triangle of territory with Peking as the apex and the river from Shanghai to Hangkow as its base. Meanwhile, at Shanghai, non-Japanese trading interests are being systematically undermined by wholesale smuggling of imports from Japan, which evade duty through the fact that all the Customs wharves, except a few in the French concession, are now in Japanese control.

Totalitarian Japan?

Having refused, as expected, to give Britain, France and America any assurances that her naval building programme conforms or will conform to stipulated qualitative limitations, Japan is now confronted with the possibility that London and Washington will decide to outbuild her, ship for ship. That will be the final stage of that madness of competing armaments of which Mr. Neville Chamberlain speaks so properly without holding out any hopes of even attempting to avert it. What this will mean in terms of British capital ships the forthcoming Naval Estimates may disclose. Neither France, Germany nor Italy seems likely at present to exceed the 35,000-ton London Treaty limit, but we shall have a homogeneous squadron of this size of units in commission by 1942. If America, as seems probable, proceeds to lay down 42,000-ton ships, and if there is a possibility of Japanese construction up to, or even above, this tonnage, the Admiralty will probably be in favour of advancing the size of capital ships even in this year's coming programme. That Japan is preparing to stand the financial racket is suggested by the terms of the National Mobilisation Bill now in draft. This measure is reported to provide for the wholesale State regimentation of the national economy and the conscription of both capital and labour in the event of any "incident" creating a situation of emergency. If this Bill, drawn up by the Army Council in conjunction with the Planning Board, becomes law, the third partner in the Axis can readily be turned into a State totalitarian beyond even Nazi dreams.

M. Goga Discarded

Rumania has awakened from a nightmare—not to liberty and democracy, but to a military dictatorship of the King, in many ways similar to that to which the Jugoslavs awoke on January 6th, 1929. The basis of Goga's Cabinet was Fascism, Nationalism and Anti-Semitism, to be thinly disguised by elections held under the extreme terror which alone could enable a Government against which nine-tenths of the country had just decided to hold its place. That of the succeeding Government is a royal dictatorship exercised through the army, with a civilian cabinet to supply the veneer of "national concentration." Abroad, the King presumably expects no longer to be faced with the open hostility from Paris, Prague and Moscow which helped to overthrow Goga. He will as before try to keep one foot in the Franco-Russian camp and the other in that of the Axis Powers. At home the tempo of Anti-Semitism will perhaps slow down; that it will continue was shown in the Patriarch's proclamation to the people on Saturday. Fascism will be dropped in favour of undisguised military dictatorship. How this will work with the army still disorganised through the wholesale dismissal of generals and other officers is a big question.

The French Unions Mark Time

The French Trade Unions are increasingly restive under M. Chautemps' plan for disarming them by his new Labour Laws. Strikes have broken out on a considerable scale, and more are threatened, in the metal industries of Lille and the northern departments, where the workers are up in arms against an arbitral award which, they hold, constitutes a challenge to the Matignon agreements. They have already succeeded in getting this award set aside, to the extent of securing immediate consideration of their claim for a further increase, on the plea that the award, in basing itself on pre-Matignon wages and conditions, called in question the maintenance of the advances secured under the auspices of the *Front Populaire*. This, undoubtedly, is just what the Chautemps Cabinet would like to do if it dared; for the Radicals —or most of them—accepted the Matignon settlements only because they were afraid of the G.F.T., and the present Government took office with the idea of undoing as much as it dared of M. Blum's labour legislation. As matters stand, the employers are divided—the big employers demanding a counter-offensive against the Trade Unions, while the smaller employers are for the most part more disposed to come to terms. The G.F.T., for its part, is inclined to stand pat, in the belief that the Chautemps Government is likely to fall before long, and to be replaced by a Government based more definitely on the *Front Populaire*.

Coal and the Consumer

The miners have been through so bad a time in recent years that they cannot be greatly blamed if their zeal for keeping up the pithead price of coal—on which their wages depend—outruns their discretion, as it did last week and this, when a number of them broke away from the Labour Party to vote for the Government's Coal Bill, and again when some of them opposed the demand for a special committee of inquiry into the price of coal. Coal, we agree, should be sold at a price which will enable the miner to earn a living wage; but does that really mean that the consumer must pay as much as he is being compelled to pay at present? Even if the pithead price is not excessive, as an average price, what about the retail price by the time the coal reaches the consumer? It is nonsense to argue, as Capt. Crookshank attempted to do, that the consumer is safeguarded by the provisions of the Bill as it stands; for the committees of investigation under it can consider only pithead prices, and have nothing to do with what happens after the coal has been sold at the pithead. The demand from all quarters of the House for a special inquiry into coal prices from the consumers'

en l is entirely reasonable, and the granting of it should in no way jeopardise the miners' living wage.

The Housing Bill

This week's debate on the second reading of the Government's new Housing Bill brought out a number of important points. There is much to be said in favour of a uniform system of grant aid, whether houses are being built under slum clearance schemes or for the relief of overcrowding, in the sense that there is no reason in most cases for supposing that "overcrowded" persons can afford higher rents than slum-dwellers. But the effect of the new Bill is to reduce the State help given to slum clearance, and thereby to raise the rents chargeable to new tenants transferred from cleared areas, instead of reducing the rents of tenants removed on account of overcrowding. Moreover, the abandonment of the principle of basing the subsidy on numbers rehoused in favour of flat-rate subsidies per house will tend to stimulate the erection of small and cheap dwellings. The Bill will do something for rural housing, by means of offering higher subsidies; but the existing demarcation between rural and small urban areas is entirely artificial, and there is no valid reason why small boroughs or urban districts should not get the same treatment as rural areas. Nor must it be overlooked that Sir Kingsley Wood's estimate of housing needs, being based on the overcrowding survey, involves not only acceptance of a very low standard of accommodation, but also a false view that an "instantaneous photograph" of overcrowding on one particular date provides an adequate measure of the real problem. If a new overcrowding survey were taken to-day, it is a safe conjecture that at least as many overcrowded dwellings would be found—and that a great many of them would be different dwellings.

Oil from Coal

The production of oil from coal is not, and is not likely to be, a sound economic proposition. That broad conclusion emerges from the report just issued by the Committee appointed last April by Sir Thomas Inskip. We can have as much home-produced oil as we like—at a price; but the price will be stiff, and will considerably exceed the costs of large-scale storage. At present, home-produced petrol-substitutes enjoy a guaranteed preference of 4d., and an actual preference of 8d., a gallon. The Committee recommends that the guaranteed preference be increased to 8d. for at least ten years, but does not seem to anticipate that even this will lead to a considerable enlargement of the home supply. As for the hopes of ending unemployment in the coal industry by large-scale production of oil from coal, the Committee throws cold water on them, stressing both the immense amount of capital which would have to be invested, and the relatively small net increase in mining employment which could be expected to accrue. Of the rival processes, it gives its main support to hydrogenation, with a mild recommendation for further experiment with the Fischer process on a commercial scale. But it holds out not the smallest hope of any process becoming self-supporting. In effect, the sensible course for this country is to go on buying the bulk of its motor-fuel abroad—increasing its storage equipment to a considerable extent, but abandoning for the present all hope that "oil from coal" can offer any considerable help towards solving the problem of the mining industry.

The National Accounts

Whatever problems may await Sir John Simon when he frames the next Budget and—if trade depression becomes serious—beset the Budget for 1939–40, the current year's national accounts seem to be shaping themselves to a conclusion far more favourable than appeared likely at the end of last quarter. Revenue is buoyant. Already income tax has made good £28 millions of the expected £31 millions increase, and the £12 millions estimated gain in receipts from Customs and Excise has been surpassed. Total revenue, whose expansion was placed in the Budget at £38 millions, is £40 millions up, with 47 days of the fiscal year to run. Expenditure is £42 millions higher, as compared with a total estimated increase of £59 millions. The deficit to date on revenue account, excluding sinking fund operations, is £42 millions, against £39 millions at this time last year; but, with revenue flowing in at its present rate, this gap should be comfortably bridged unless there is a sensational acceleration in the tempo of payments for munitions before the accounts are closed. Furthermore, though £9 millions have been borrowed for Defence purposes out of £80 millions authorised, over £7 millions have been allocated out of revenue for redemption of debt. It looks as though the Chancellor, on 1938–39 Budget a very substantial sum in the way of March 31st, will be able to carry forward to relieve his unused 1937–38 borrowing powers. Indeed, the net addition to debt this year—offsetting surplus of revenue over expenditure against Defence loan not utilised—may well be trivial.

Protection for Tenants

A private Member's measure which deserves well of Parliament is the Leasehold Property Repairs Bill promoted by Mr. Higgs, M.P. for West Birmingham. The Bill provides that, in the case of leasehold property of an annual value of £50 or less, on which a lease of ten years or more has still to run, a lessor cannot enforce on a lessee a general covenant to repair unless he proves to the satisfaction of a Court that the repairs he demands are essential. In that event the Court is to be empowered to grant reasonable time for their execution. The purpose of the measure is not so much to deal with the comparatively rare cases of oppression of tenants by original leaseholders as to put a stop to an infamous racket which has recently developed on a large scale. Syndicates of speculators buy up leases of blocks of humble house property and proceed to serve lessees with expensive schedules of dilapidations, threatening forfeiture of the lease if the repairs are not immediately carried out. In the course of the second reading debate on the Bill instances were adduced in which repairs costing £200 had been demanded in respect of houses whose lessees were paying 14s. a week in rent. The object of this legalised blackmail is to terrify tenants into buying at an inflated figure the reversion of the lease or surrendering their title. It is a ramp which Parliament should suppress with all possible speed.

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HITLER DISPOSES

ON Wednesday the Foreign Office issued a communiqué suggesting that it was too soon to say that Austria's real independence had been forfeited, that Dr. Schuschnigg was a clever man who might once again steer his country through difficult times. We are not compelled to join in this game of self-deception. Patently Dr. Schuschnigg acted under duress. He could not hope for help from France or Britain, and whether he expected it or not, he received no help or comfort from Austria's former backer and paymaster in Rome. Dr. Schuschnigg held the offices of Foreign Minister and Minister of the Interior, as well as Chancellor; he was forced to appoint the pro-Nazi Dr. Schmidt to the Foreign Office and pass over the control of the Interior to Dr. Seyss-Inquart, one of the best known of Hitler's Austrian henchmen. Dr. Schmidt, it is said, will soon supersede Dr. Schuschnigg; the difference will not in any case be important, for with a Nazi in charge of the police, Austria will in any case be effectively controlled from Berchtesgaden. Dr. Schuschnigg's humiliation did not stop there. He was compelled to grant an amnesty to all the Nazi terrorists, including the conspirators concerned in the murder of Dollfuss, and to give a free hand to Austrian Nazi organisations. Finally he agreed to remove the Austrian Chief-of-Staff, who was reputed to be a friend of General von Fritsch, and to accept a co-operation between the German and Austrian Command, which can only mean that in future the comparatively small Austrian army becomes part of the huge military power of the Reich. No, no doubt or deception is possible. Hitler's dream of mastering Vienna, the city in which he first hatched his ambitions and discovered his neurotic hatred of the Jews, has this week become a reality.

In one respect this was the easiest of Hitler's triumphs. Aware of the natural affinity of Austria and Germany, and of the British share in the folly of preventing their economic union under the Treaty of Versailles, the British have throughout been too conscience-ridden to adopt any clear policy about Austria. One of the most tragic of lost opportunities was when Dr. Brüning was prevented from forming an *Anschluss* with Austria. Had he been allowed to succeed, it is at least possible that German nationalism might never have gone to the lengths of Hitler. Germany was still weak; the French still believed themselves dominant in Europe, and Britain backed the French against the *Anschluss* on the ground that Dr. Brüning was "tactless." Hitler, no doubt, has been tactless, too, but tactlessness is a crime which is more easily forgiven to the strong than to the unarmed. Scarcely less tragic was the failure of the Western democracies to support social democracy in Austria when Nazi pressure first threatened it; Britain and France left the protection of Austria to Dr. Dollfuss and Mussolini, whose notion of defending Austrian independence was to permit the social democrats to be massacred by his subsidised Heimwehr. It is curious how the delusion even now persists in official quarters that Mussolini is somehow to be relied upon to put a limit to the ambitions of his German ally in Central Europe. It will be the end of the British Empire, as it has proved the end of Austrian independence, when we rely on the Duce for our security. His motives in totally casting off his protégé, Dr. Schuschnigg, at this moment are not certain. It is possible, though scarcely likely, that the lure of a Mediterranean Empire and the bond of common Fascism has removed one of the central and traditional objectives of Italian policy, and that the present Italy willingly accepts that German domination in Central Europe which sons of the pre-Fascist Italy spilled their blood to prevent. But it is probably less simple than that. Presumably, Mussolini would prefer not to have Germany on the Brenner, but found it wiser not to offend his ally and to yield gracefully at a price. His acute financial embarrassments, his difficulties in Abyssinia and his heavy commitment in Spain were all arguments for a bargain. It is possible that the bargain involved advantages for Italy in the Balkans; according to one usually well-informed source, it included the promise of more active German support for Franco in Spain. In any case, we may assume that it means a general support for Mussolini's imperial mission in the Mediterranean.

The events of the last week provide the Führer with ample material for his Reichstag speech on Sunday. He will not need to say much on what appears now to have been an incipient revolt in the army. The significance of the wholesale purge of army chiefs has been kept from the German public; it will find at the meeting of the Reichstag only another cause for rejoicing in the successful and so far bloodless *coup* which extends the effective might of National Socialist Germany. The Führer's speech, we anticipate, will be intended as an anodyne, even if it hints at new worlds to conquer in the future. It is part of his technique first to crush possible opposition at home, then to act swiftly abroad, and finally to reassure those who are willing to be reassured that there is now no reason to fear any further adventures. Some English people will believe him; some will express pity for the plight of the Jews in Vienna, and still more for the even severer persecution that must fall upon that heroic band of democrats and Socialists who have somehow kept alive their tradition, and in part their organisation, ever since the massacre of February, 1934. But Europe will be thinking of other things. The French system of alliances has sustained an almost final blow. Though Rumania has for the moment repudiated the Fascist and anti-semitic morass into which it was falling, King Carol is already sufficiently pro-Nazi, while Poland and Jugoslavia, so far careful to avoid committing themselves, will inevitably find more than before to attract them to the Berlin-Rome Axis and the anti-Comintern Pact. Hungary, significantly quiet at the moment, has statesmen who fear the growth of German influence. But the Hungarian Government seems likely to judge as the better part of valour a discretion which may be aided by aspirations after part of the Slovakian end of the Czechoslovakian State. In Europe the dominant questions will be how and when Hitler will seek to compass the destruction of Czech, as he has already of Austrian, independence, and whether, with the first important stage of advance in Central Europe successfully carried through, he will next run the risk of war with the U.S.S.R. or again seek to divert attention by a demand for the return of the colonies ceded at Versailles.

No one can answer these questions. Hitler will only move as opportunity arises and the balance of power shifts. Only if Japan and Russia engage in war in the Far East is he at all likely to make that headlong march

into Czechoslovakia which would bring against him the united force of the U.S.S.R., France and sooner or later, reluctantly, of Britain, too. Presumably when his position in Austria is established he will seek to accomplish his purpose in Czechoslovakia by the same kind of pressure that has been successful in Austria; he will succeed sooner or later unless Britain, France and U.S.S.R. are diplomatically at one in supporting Czechoslovakian democracy. As to his colonial demands they have, so far, been put forward as bargaining counters. But so successful is Hitler's propaganda in confusing British opinion that we become absurdly divided into those whose one idea is to buy peace by "concessions" to Germany and those who have no idea except that of preparing to fight. Neither method alone offers any hope of peace. In the confusion Hitler plays one party off against the other, seizing what is not graciously conceded and humiliating those who cannot make up their minds.

The right answer—and we have perhaps a breathing space in which to make it while Hitler is consolidating his position in Austria—is to say that the democracies and Russia stand together against armed aggression, but are ready themselves to initiate proposals which offer more tangible advantages to everyone than any Power can hope to get from aggression. Peace will not come by waiting, shivering and protesting, while preparing some day to fight when we have no friends or allies left. The Prime Minister has again reminded us of the madness and futility of the arms race. To get results we must initiate.

Britain has no right or power to "make concessions" of other people's rights and territory in Europe; but we can still divert the crazy diplomacy of Europe into more hopeful channels if we have the imagination to translate into action that section in the Van Zeeland report that mentions the possible international development of equatorial Africa; and if we take the sting out of Hitler's attack on British imperialism by putting all our African colonies under international instead of national control and offering equal opportunities to those countries which are so fond of proclaiming themselves the "have-nots." Our statesmen talk vaguely about removing the causes of war, but all they do in practice is to arm to maintain the *status quo*. Fascism wins because it takes the initiative; if democracy is not gradually to be destroyed everywhere, as it has been in Austria, the peaceful Powers must cease merely to be the ineffective policemen of their own possessions and themselves initiate proposals which the Fascist Powers will find it difficult to reject.

THE LESSON OF CROYDON

MURRAY'S, in defining the word "departmentalism," quotes the old *Pall Mall Gazette* of fifty years ago as writing that departmentalism is a "crippling disease." In Croydon it has proved a mortal one, with the deaths of 43 persons and a long trail of invalidism for 250 others. A community might suppose itself reasonably safe from avoidable calamity if its administrators are loyal, able, and industrious, but it is evident that there is another prerequisite, a more impersonal one, but of increasing importance in the complexity of local government services, the one which is summed up in that blessed word "co-ordination." Every department of a public body may be efficient in itself, and yet in a crisis the body may fail to function. The lack of elementary co-ordination between people engaged in different parts of the same service is the most remarkable thing brought out in the report of the Croydon typhoid inquiry. One is left wondering whether the town hall has sealed-off rooms, and whether the chief officials enter by different doors.

Here was some construction work being undertaken at one of the chief supplies of water to the borough. Men were recruited for the purpose from those normally engaged in work on sewers, they were enlisted without medical examination, and the conditions under which they worked were such as to encourage an insanitary habit. During this work the chlorination of the water, which had previously been carried out intermittently, was stopped, but the public supply was continued. Yet all this took place without the knowledge of the medical officer of health, although one would have thought it a matter of first concern to his department. After the outbreak had started the want of co-ordination is illustrated from the other side. The borough engineer, who was directly responsible for the water supply, was not aware until four days after the first case had been notified, and when already there were five or six other cases known, that there was any typhoid in Croydon, and even then he was informed, not by a colleague in the service of the corporation, but by a private citizen.

It is easy to criticise after the event, but this lack of co-ordination is gravely disquieting. The extenuating circumstances pleaded so far as the borough engineer is concerned seem to be a little beside the point. It is said that his duties were so wide and extensive as to make it impossible for him to give attention to the water supply, that he was responsible for highways, lighting, drainage, housing, and many other matters. But suppose a major disaster had occurred within the sphere of one of these other duties, it might again be pleaded that he was responsible for all the rest of the things, plus the water supply. It seems clear that an officer of a public authority ought not to be given so many duties as to have no personal responsibility for any one of them. Here we have not the delegation but the negation of responsibility.

If the inquiry has revealed a weakness in local government administration, it has completely justified the intervention of the private citizen. The private citizen in this case is Mr. C. H. Rimington, who led a local agitation, and who, when only six typhoid cases were known, suggested to the medical officer that the only common thing appeared to be water. It seems to have been some time before the medical officer, who had in mind the milk-borne outbreak at Bournemouth, would agree. His slight delay in realising that water was or might be the cause is really the only criticism now brought against him, except in so far as he shares in the collective responsibility for lack of co-ordination.

On one matter which was strongly pressed at the inquiry the report has nothing to say in Dr. Holden's disfavour. It was urged that he ought to have consulted with a committee of local practitioners. His reply was that he was quite ready to consult with such a committee if it were in existence, but he could not regard the executive of the local division of the British Medical Association as representative. The point is a little pedantic. It is true that the British Medical Association does not represent all doctors, but in any matter of medical politics it probably represents 80 per cent. of them, and on such a matter as emergency measures in a local epidemic the B.M.A. committee would be as representative and as authoritative as any specially appointed local committee could be.

One omission from the report is rather to be regretted. We fail to find any reference to a matter of which something was made at the inquiry, namely, the question of giving publicity at an early stage to the facts of such outbreaks. In the early part of November, when the outbreak was spreading rapidly, there was a reluctance on the part of the authorities, the Public Health Committee or the department of the medical officer, to take the public into their confidence. It was desired, as Dr. Holden said in the witness chair, not to create panic. No public statement, we believe, was made until the meeting of the town council on November 9th, when it was overshadowed by the mayor-making ceremony, and by that time the outbreak

was a fortnight old. It is all very well to talk of avoiding panic, but local authorities are now dealing with an educated public, not an ignorant population like that of plague-stricken London in the seventeenth century. We have not heard of any panic in Somerset following the typhoid warning recently broadcast by the medical officer there. If it had been afterwards proved that water was not the cause of the Croydon outbreak, it would have done no harm for citizens to have been advised for a time to boil their drinking water.

The South Croydon Typhoid Committee deserves the thanks of a wider public than that of Croydon for its public spirit. Inquiries are an expensive procedure, especially when they bring forward such a large semi-circle of counsel representing every possible interest likely to be affected as faced the Croydon tribunal. The presentation of the case—of the various cases—by these legal gentlemen is so able and their frequent wrangles are so interesting to listen to that one forgets how very seriously in this instance time is money. One wonders whether in inquiries of this kind, presided over as this one was by a most able and sympathetic lawyer, it might not be left to him to elicit the evidence and so discourage the inevitable protraction of the proceedings and the expense which legal representation entails. The expense of an inquiry lasting some three weeks and employing half a dozen K.Cs and their juniors can perhaps be afforded by local authorities, but it imposes a heavy burden on private individuals or groups of them who take up the matter as a public duty.

THE YEAR OF GRACE IN INDIA

[This article was written before the resignation of two Congress Ministries.]

To come back to India, as I have done, even after a few months' absence, is to be aware of a great and salutary change. How far this change will be permanent, is very hard to judge. Everything will depend on the coming year. "Congress"—as it is now familiarly called by everyone—has come into power in seven out of eleven provinces, and its range is likely to go farther still.

At the beginning of the present century, the apathy of the villagers was extreme. To-day, it is in the villages that the strength of Congress lies. That is why it nearly swept the country in the last elections. The one personality that, more than any other, has brought this change to pass, is Mahatma Gandhi. No saint or hero has had such an influence as his for many centuries past. I have been into the remote tracts of the interior and travelled up and down in every part of India, but I have never yet come across anyone, however ignorant and depressed, who has not known the name of Mahatma Gandhi. The one anxiety that is shared by everyone in India is lest his health, which has shown signs of breaking down, should give way under the burden of work which he is obliged to undertake.

Those in the villages, who now have the vote, have almost invariably voted for the Congress, except where some religious interest was paramount. The voters were well aware how greatly the Congress leaders had suffered in the national cause and gave them overwhelming majorities. The one criterion for election has been the suffering undergone. Thus the long years of repression and imprisonment have strengthened the Congress hold upon the country. As someone recently said in my hearing, "There are only two parties now, the Government and the Congress."

Mahatma Gandhi has passed the test for suffering far beyond any other. There are those, much younger in age, who have followed his example. The Congress President, Jawaharlal Nehru, is one of them. Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan is another. Subash Bose, who is likely to be the next Congress President, is a third. All these three are loved and honoured for their fearless endurance of imprisonment on behalf of their country. Among the older members of the Congress, the names of C. Rajagopal Achari, Vallabhbhai Patel and Rajendra Prasad are prominent, and many others might be mentioned equally noble and patriotic. And, while the leaders stand out in the foreground of the picture on account of all that they have endured, the rank and file have taken their full share of the hardships and this has made a common bond of sympathy which unites them together in the great struggle for freedom.

Whether the national struggle is renewed in the near future, in the form of passive resistance and imprisonment on a large scale, or whether the recent constructive co-operation with the Government of India continues, the same result in the end will follow. The Congress is certain to gain strength and numbers.

The impending conflict, which is now being anticipated both by the Government of India and the Congress leaders, will be with regard to the Central Federal Constitution. Here the struggle will be fought out to the bitter end, and the good work done by the Congress Ministries in the provinces will be used as the final argument to prove that they are quite capable of taking full responsibility at the centre also. On this matter, the Congress President, Jawaharlal Nehru, has already thrown down the challenge.

"I can say," he writes, "on behalf of the Congress that there cannot be any negotiation with the Viceroy or the British Government for the inauguration of the Federation. Mahatma Gandhi has never discussed the question with the Viceroy, and never will discuss it. Anybody, be he a Congress Minister even, will be a traitor to the country, if he in any way facilitates the inauguration of the Federation."

The present year has been called by an Indian writer "The year of Grace." This represents the actual position. For the Viceroy, as the mouthpiece of the British Parliament, is doing all he can to forward this "inauguration of the Federation" to which the Congress President has referred, and the Congress is just as determined to prevent it. Its members, who have taken office, have pledged themselves not to rest content with any relation to Great Britain that falls short of full self-determination. They reserve the right to decide at a Constituent Assembly, summoned on the basis of universal adult suffrage, both of men and women, the destiny of their own country, and they refuse to consider for a moment any right of conquest.

By far the greatest change in India during the last twenty years, has been the release from the tyranny of fear. The earlier sense of inferiority and subordination has vanished. "We look every Englishman in the face to-day," said a young student to me, while we were sharing our confidences together. "Before Mahatma Gandhi came," he added thoughtfully, "we did just the opposite."

The World War started the change, but Mahatma Gandhi completed it. The shameful secret treaties first shook Mr. Gandhi's confidence. Amritsar and Jalliahwala Bagh followed. But this was all negative. The positive fact, which changed the face of India, was not so much the moral repulsion and bitter humiliation which things like these caused, as the acts of heroism which followed when thousands upon thousands in every part of India offered passive resistance and endured cruel *Lathi* blows without striking a blow in return. This was Young India's baptism of fire, and the ordeal was nobly faced.

Now, a confidence has grown strong that no military force, however repressive, will be able to crush a civil resistance of this character. On the British side a parallel respect has grown for Indian moral character, which will make it impossible in the future to apply those weapons of physical force so freely employed in the last struggle. The Congress, which went to prison, is now in office, ruling the provinces, and doing it extremely well. The very Government officers, who used repressive measures a short time ago in order to crush the Congress, are now working cordially with it. The result has been that its prestige stands higher than ever. The record of its constructive work, during its six months of office, represents a remarkable achievement. Here again, the

personality of Mahatma Gandhi has been the greatest factor of all. The Ministers of the different governments have come to him for advice, and his has been the guiding hand on every critical occasion.

The sacrifice of revenue, if such a scheme were ever to succeed, has already been faced by these Congress pioneers. Yet, with unbounded energy and faith, they have determined at the same time to make a nation-wide "drive" for universal and compulsory primary education; and since hitherto education itself has been largely paid for out of the excise revenue for drink and drugs, the difficulties of the Finance Minister in each province are likely to be serious. Yet both these subjects, Prohibition and Universal Education, are placed in the very forefront of the Congress programme. There is an eagerness everywhere for national service that reminds us again and again of the new enthusiasm for education among the young in Soviet Russia.

The reform of Indian prisons will be the third item on the list. So many of the Congress leaders have themselves suffered imprisonment that they will be able to set forward, from their own practical experience, what changes are immediately needed. Many of them have vivid memories of the petty persecutions from which they themselves suffered and also of the corruption that runs through the subordinate staff with which prisoners have closest contact. But the added expenses of the reforms contemplated will have to be met out of the tenuous finances of each province.

Every time that the financial issue is raised, it becomes more intolerable to Indian statesmen to allow the present extravagance on military expeditions in Waziristan to continue. There the central Government is completely out of touch with modern Indian opinion.

This brings us directly to the issue of the new Constitution which the Government of India intend, if possible, to impose at the centre in the year 1938. Slowly, but with ever-increasing volume, the opposition to this federal centre is being made clear. Among the objectionable features, which have been condemned on all sides in the proposed federal legislatures, the preponderating power which is to be given to the Princes' nominees is one of the worst. For if this Constitution is to be put into force, just as it stands, one-third of the seats in the Federal Assembly are to be given to them and even more than a third in the new Council of State. This has been severely criticised by Sir A. Beridale Keith, who points out that it is "too obvious that on the British side the scheme was favoured in order to provide an element of pure conservatism to combat any dangerous elements of democracy contributed by British India." In another place he remarks, "It is difficult to deny the contention, that federation was largely evoked by the desire to evade the issue of extending responsible government to the Central Government of British India."

In corroboration of this contention, it has been shown that the New Constitution, in its present form, can easily be made the means whereby fresh links may be forged for keeping India in subjection. For the Princes will be dependent on the King Emperor; and thus the British Government, at the centre, with full control of Defence and Foreign Affairs, and the power of veto on the Budget, will continue to rule autocratically in all important matters with the aid of the Princes' nominees, just as before it ruled autocratically with the aid of government officials. Vested interests, strongly entrenched in the Upper House, would always be able to turn the scale in favour of the British Government's demand from Whitehall.

From all this it will be gathered that the impending struggle about the central federal constitution may be fraught with the gravest consequences not only for India and Great Britain, but also for the whole civilised world. At the present moment, with war already being carried on in the Far East and also in Spain, and the danger imminent that it may spread still farther, it is above all things necessary to preserve, if possible, the peace which has been brought about in India. We must not jeopardise it once more by inconsiderate action. Some way must be found for avoiding the ultimate disaster of another open conflict between India and Great Britain. The true statesmanship of our own country, which was seen in our dealings with Canada and South Africa, must not be lacking in our own day. For it is impossible, in the end, to resist by force the moral will of a determined people, in India, which is bent on winning its freedom.

C. F. ANDREWS

A LONDON DIARY

THE week-end Congress of the International Peace Campaign was a bigger and more impressive affair than anyone could have expected who first heard the idea put forward only a few weeks ago. Twenty-one countries sent delegations; France was particularly well represented with a number of leading Trades Unionists and Parliamentary figures. Though Noel-Baker and Herbert Morrison were prominent, official British Labour and Trades Union support were lacking—a gap which raised surprised comments from Continental political and Trades Union delegates. The resolutions were well thought out and, in contrast with those of the Brussels Conference fifteen months ago, about something tangible. I criticised that Conference because it was supposed to be a peace conference and was yet afraid even to mention Spain, where the war happened to be. In the meantime another war has come and because China is far away and Western capitalist interests deeply involved, the movement which could not agree enough even to discuss Spain, may come together with some effect about China. This at least can be said: this is the first big International Congress called not for general "getting-together" purposes, but for a specific purpose—a boycott of Japan. The plan is to organise a Japanese boycott on the scale of the Peace Ballot of 1935.

* * *

Is a boycott campaign of this kind desirable? I quite understand its appeal and I share the desire to damage the military power of Japan, to pull together the scattered forces of the progressive parties here and to reaffirm the truth that without a collective system peace cannot in the long run be maintained. But I read the suggestion of using the Peace Ballot machinery as a warning and I fear similar disastrous results. Through no fault of its organisers and through the skill and trickery of the Conservative Party, the actual results of the Peace Ballot were to help the National Government at the election and effectively line up behind it a very important part of the Opposition, which became far more concerned with Article XVI than with the removal of the causes of war: the half-hearted application of sanctions, which was all you could get with the present Government in power, did not help Abyssinia, but very greatly strengthened Mussolini. Similarly on this occasion no one now thinks that the Governments of the United States and Britain will unite to impose that embargo on the materials of war which might have stopped Japan, and the actual result of a boycott at this stage is likely to be to starve a few already half-starved girls who make toys in Japan without in the least weakening Japanese militarism or materially helping China, and to line up the British Left, even more effectively than the Peace Ballot did, behind increased military expenditure and military discipline.

* * *

An extraordinary document reaches me from China. It is a translation of the "regulations pertaining to residents desiring to return to their homes in Hongkew." It is signed by the Garrison Commander of the Japanese Expeditionary Forces in China. Here is a short extract:

> Foreigners returning to the districts North of the Creek are specially requested to respect the sentry on point duty at the Garden Bridge and at street corners by giving him a gentle bow and wishing him "Good Morning." Foreigners must realise that the Japanese soldier doing such duty represents the Emperor of Japan. Special passes will be given to those having Japanese friends and it is hoped that everyone wishing to live in Hongkew will make friends with the Japanese. Japanese ladies, 150 from Tokio High School, well

versed in English are now in Shanghai for the sole purpose of being better acquainted with foreigners. Further details regarding interviews, etc., with those ladies will be furnished at the Japanese Club in the office of the Secretary to the Commander of the Naval Fleet in Shanghai.

Foodstuffs will be sold at 23½ discount. Sadae will be free of charge to those who drink the health of the Emperor and a quantity not exceeding 2 litres can be taken away each day. In the event of foreigners wishing to employ Japanese maidservants they are requested to make application to the Garrison Commander at the Japanese Club as soon as possible as there are a limited number of Nei Sans (maids). Bachelors need not apply. All single men will be supplied with mates as soon as facts are known. Married men applying for Nei Sans will have to obtain the consent of their wives. . . .

* * *

No Unitarian would tolerate having his minister appointed by an Anglican, and I sympathise with Lord Hugh Cecil when he complains that the appointment of the bishops of the Church of England is now in the hands of a Unitarian. But since the Bishop of an Established Church is a public official it seems natural that he should be appointed by the Crown until the Church is disestablished. I gather that the demand among Anglicans for disestablishment is growing and I suppose it will increase faster now that we have a Prime Minister attached to what they consider a peculiarly damnable heresy. But how amusing in its naiveté was the letter in the *Times* from Mr. Rosbotham, a Conservative M.P., about Mr. Chamberlain:

> I regret that it has been thought necessary to make it known that he belongs to the Unitarian Church. No doubt there are thousands of persons who, like myself, did not know this before. . . .

Dear, dear, what a scandal and what a terrible thing to know about it! Could not a Tory be defined as a man who thinks that the right and proper place for even the gentlest of cats is inside a bag?

* * *

A friend just back from Cruft's writes: I looked down into the crowd. In spite of a six-shilling entrance fee, and unless they were fishing for bits of the Torso, the provinces seemed to be there entire. Frith's Derby Day had simply been carried indoors, smutted over a little in the white lugubrious lamps of the Royal Agricultural Hall, unbowlered, and bleached in complexion. The dogs were nowhere, unless it was to justify the combs, powder-boxes, woollies, satin ribbon bows. The very smallest drowsed invisibly under the pink cushions of an incubator. But among them, as they sat astonished in their narrow pens, moved the strangest exhibition. Grooms, retired almost beyond belief, tottering in front of the Labradors; women gnarled, bright red women, porcine women, little slips of women longing to touch the cockers' ears, ambiguous women carrying troughs; a faded kind of tough guy with memories of the Fancy; one classical doxy gazing at the borzois. The pens were full of luggage. Most of the dogs had a suitcase, while hairbrush and thermos nestled in the battered "gents' felts" of the Exhibition. On the front of the pen perched a woman eager to be questioned. Very few of the dogs barked, but the human noise was enormous. Clapping, shuffling, asking the way, grinding up those stairs, helplessly fluttering the yellow catalogue for a map which wasn't there. Yet the main impression was one of peace. The English had never looked more English, more perfectly All Right. So long as Shepton Lobelia and Romside Rat-Tat are given such an exhibition as this, one is tempted to believe nothing can happen to us, nothing but satin ribbon come out of kennel towns like Shifnal and Coupar-Angus. There were a battalion of women in the hall who looked capable of knocking the stuffing out of any army.

* * *

"Truck"—the system of compelling or persuading workmen to spend some of their wages on goods supplied and priced by their employers—is supposed to be a bygone evil in this country. All the more interesting last week to find an ex-employee successfully suing his former employers, under the Truck Act, for deductions made in lieu of meals. Until this case I had thought the most up-to-date reminder of the truck system was to be found in a mining village where you are shown, or were until recently, two one-storey buildings, each with four walls, separate roofs, and doors at both ends. These were built by the company to evade the Truck Act. The buildings were placed end to end about four inches apart. Local tradition has it that the miners were always paid in the first building and, with their week's money loose in their hands, had to pass the whole length of a bar in the second before they could get out.

* * *

In a British factory recently a foreman noticed that while all the other labourers pushed their barrows, one man invariably pulled his behind him. At last, smitten with curiosity, he called the man to him: "Why the hell do you pull your barrow instead of pushing it?" "Because I hate the sight of the blasted thing!" CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to B.W.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Why is our country respected by the whole distracted world even in the agony of its spiritual torments and terrors? Because as a race we try to put Christian principles into practice.

As a people we have a Christian conscience and it feels a stain like a wound.

The shivering, trembling, fear-stricken peoples look up to us as the guardians and defenders of the Christian concept.—James Douglas in the *Daily Express.*

And anybody who is not helping his country to win the war deserves to be shot or bombed anyway.—*The Aeroplane.*

Town Opposes Footballer's Transfer. Employers Call a Protest Meeting.

Mr. T. B. Roberts, a prominent pottery manufacturer and one of the organisers of the meeting, said to me to-night: "The meeting is the outcome of requests made by our work-people to use all our efforts to keep Matthews at Stoke. Some of our employees are so upset at the prospect of losing him that they cannot do their work."—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

A great distributing business seems to us reminiscent of a vast and beautiful garden. The Selfridge "acreage" employs 5,000 or more "gardeners," each cultivating his or her plot of ground, making it as productive as possible, ever richer in beauty, in fragrance, in utility.—Callisthenes in the *Manchester Guardian.*

It is through love of animals that at the last I believe we shall conquer war. For if we can begin to care for all creation as we care for the dogs and horses and cats we know, we cannot fail to care for other men.—Duchess of Hamilton in *News Chronicle.*

Everybody wanted to see the King's two black Labradors. They occupied adjoining pens, just like dogs owned by ordinary people.—*Star.*

THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN MEXICO.—II.

A FASCIST revolt, similar to that of Spain, is to-day threatening Mexico. Important capitalist interests are gathering their resources round a conservative military leader and, as in Spain, small shopowners, industrialists, clergymen, army cliques and aristocratic remnants are preparing for a revolt which will be represented as a necessity to "free Mexico from Communism." Scattered and leaderless during the first two years of Cardenas's administration, these conservative groups look increasingly to General Saturnino Cedillo, dictator of

the State of San Luis Potosi and last of Mexico's local strong men. Under Cedillo, they look for relief from the strict regulations and governmental controls placed over their economic life by the Cardenas administration.

On the other side the trade unions which have grown stronger during the administration of Cardenas and which are now led by Toledano Lombardo, are arming and drilling. Peons are organising themselves into agricultural shock troops, ready to fight for the government that gave them back their land. The clenched fist, symbol of the united front, is making its appearance in public.

General Saturnino Cedillo, in succession a bandit, revolutionary hero, unchallenged autocrat of San Luis Potosi and finally Minister of Agriculture in President Cardenas's cabinet, first came into prominence in the revolution of 1910. A proud, gusty Mestizo, over-fond of women and good times generally, he fought his way slowly to the top in San Luis Potosi, occupying for a time a lieutenancy in the bandit army of Pancho Villa. Once at the top, his enthusiasm for radical reform waned, a trait of most Mexico revolutionists.

Conscious of the heroic part he had played in the turbulent days of Madero, Carranza, de la Huerta and Obregon, he began to look with disdain on the "social consciousness" of the newer "intellectual" type of young Mexican revolutionary who had "shed no blood for Mexico." Nevertheless, as a member of the National Revolutionary Party, he took part in the convention of 1934, which drafted the Six Year Plan for the economic reform of Mexico, and nominated Lazaro Cardenas for the Presidency. As an opponent of Calles, who originally was the power behind Cardenas, and who was suddenly disowned by Cardenas, Cedillo received the post of Minister of Agriculture after Cardenas's election.

The most conservative member of the Cabinet, Cedillo gradually drifted farther from the purposes and aims of the new government. Each time Cardenas put into execution one of the reform measures promised by the Six Year Plan, Cedillo opposed. He resisted most strongly when Cardenas bucked the big oil companies of Great Britain and the United States.

As a result of this policy of sniping from within, Cedillo rapidly gained the hatred of the more radical of Cardenas's followers and the blessings of the much-mauled aristocracy, large landholders and industrialists. Eventually the split came, cleaving Mexico suddenly into the same two camps which to-day are wreaking havoc in Spain. The left wingers declare that Cedillo is a Fascist in the pay of Mexican capitalists; the right wingers rejoiced at the appearance of an honest to goodness leader capable of championing their rights and presenting a powerful opposition to the Cardenas regime.

Following Cedillo's resignation from the Cabinet, Cardenas had to move quickly. Able to count on the support of most of the workers and peons, he knew that the real danger lay in the possibility that Cedillo would be able to win over the Federal army and a large part of the Federal bureaucracy. The Mexican army and bureaucracy is like that and always has been. At the drop of a hat, they will run to the side that pays the most.

Moreover, in his own State, Cedillo has a well-armed, well-trained private army of 15,000, ready to move at an instant's command. Cardenas knew that too. He offered Cedillo a foreign post, hoping to get him out of the country. Cedillo refused, saying he found Mexico the most interesting in the world! Cardenas offered to make peace. Cedillo replied in a press statement that he would "do nothing against the government unless the government moves against me."

The government moved. It closed an aviation school in San Luis Potosi, cutting off a supply of pilots Cedillo was buying up. It sent two regiments of troops to San Luis Potosi. It despatched a corps of government agents to Cedillo's stronghold and, through them, attempted to break down Cedillo's army by offering its members free land. It was about to send government agitators to the outlying towns of the State, when Cedillo struck back. Government men were fired upon. Three times, in Valles Tomozunchale and San Luis Potosi proper, violence flared. When the smoke cleared, nine were dead, thirteen wounded. Among the victims were two high Federal officials, both loyal to Cardenas. The latter, in a quiet rage, rushed more troops to San Luis Potosi and immediately established an armed watch.

Cedillo moved into the background, content to wait as the Mussolini-to-be of Mexico. To-day, to the curious and unsympathetic, he is not at home. He has nothing to say to them and does not wish to be badgered by their questions. To those who have something to offer, however, he is cordial. Numbered among his visitors are individuals mysteriously described as "Nazi and Italian agents." Whoever these visitors are, it is certain they bode no good for the Cardenas administration.

How powerful the Fascist forces in Mexico are it is hard to foresee. According to Cardenas's supporters, Cedillo will not constitute so great a threat as he might have some years ago. Great improvements in means of communication and transportation throughout Mexico mean that a revolt in one State is futile, unless it spreads quickly to other States. Therefore the issue depends on the loyalty of the army and bureaucracy, and the army especially has been badly paid and not enough praised. Cardenas will be in difficulties if he is left dependent on the support of the workers and peasants.

To-day both sides are waiting. Money talks, and Cedillo is getting the money. But Cardenas is good at waiting; he caught Calles off his guard and he may also catch Cedillo moving before his psychological moment. Spain presents a lesson for democracy as well as for Fascism.

PLEASANT LIFE

READERS of the *Observer* have been making lists of the small pleasures that give them the greatest happiness, and, as I read these, it seemed to me that it must be astonishingly easy for human beings, given fairly good health and a little money, to be happy. Most of the pleasures mentioned cost nothing at all. They are as open to the poor as to the rich. There is, for example, "the clang and clatter of the fire engine," and there is "untangling knotted string." One does not need to be a millionaire in order to enjoy the raptures to be had from these. There is also "the flattering reflection of one's face in a bus window," and there is "removing a Brazil nut in one piece from its shell." These are pleasures at the disposal of all who live above the poverty line. If everybody could enjoy all the pleasures named, it is obvious that the world would be a very cheerful place. But, alas! everybody cannot. The longer I studied the list of other people's pleasures the more clearly I realised how few of them were mine. To untangle knotted string would be to me not a pleasure but an exasperation: I cut the most precious string round a parcel ruthlessly. Nor have I ever felt happier as a result of catching a flattering reflection of my face in a bus window. I do not remember ever seeing a reflection of my face in a bus window, and if I had done so, I am certain that it would not have struck me that it was flattering. I have never, indeed, seen a flattering reflection of my face anywhere: all the reflections I have seen in mirrors and windows have seemed to me not quite good enough—not as good, at least, as I hoped they would be—nose wrong, ears wrong, chin wrong, marks of weakness, marks of woe, and all the rest of it. Much more to my taste is removing a Brazil nut in one piece. It is a feat that I have not accomplished, or even attempted, for forty years; but I can still recall the sense of triumph in the achievement. This small pleasure, unfortunately, has to be bought at the price of innumerable and disheartening failures. There is, I fear, more disappointment than pleasure to be got from tampering with Brazil nuts.

Some of these small pleasures of the readers of the *Observer* are so far beyond my range as to seem to me eccentric. One reader even praises the pleasure of "treading on acorns."

Can it be that this is a common source of happiness? Are those elderly gentlemen whom one sees creeping about woods in late autumn and winter finding a secret joy in crushing acorn after acorn under their stealthy shoe-soles? Is acorn-treading one of the inducements held out by hiking societies to come and join them? There may be a psychoanalytic explanation of this frenzy for destruction. All I know is that I am immune from it. To hold an acorn in the hand—to look at its beautiful little cup—that is a pleasure I can understand. But I should as soon think of trampling on plums or cherries.

Not that the pleasures of the feet are to be despised. There is, for example, that rather ugly kind of sea-wrack full of little bladders which give an agreeable pop when trodden on. I have been told that the pleasure of producing these miniature explosions, which begins in childhood, is one of the most enduring of human pleasures and continues even in old age. For the most part, pleasure in noise diminishes with the years: it is rare to see a party of grown-up men and women blowing up paper bags and laughing as they burst them with a report; but the fascination of the popping seaweed is perpetual, and neither Prime Ministers nor sages are secure from it. Another pleasure of the feet which is all but universal is "shuffling through dry leaves." It is merely a false sense of dignity that prevents the old from indulging in it oftener than they do. I know a good many men who say that they like walking alone in the country. I suspect them of being men who, ashamed of being seen shuffling through dry leaves by others, go off where they can shuffle in privacy to their heart's content.

That, I think, is a natural pleasure. What I regard, on the other hand, as an abnormal pleasure is "adding up the hymn-boards in church (with higher mathematics according to the preacher)." I am not sure that I know what this means, but I suspect it of a scientific taint. I myself often count up the figures in the number of a bus-ticket, but that is not because I have a passion for arithmetic, but to see whether the result is a lucky number. If I ride in a taxi, I usually do similar small sums in addition. This adds appreciably to the pleasure of life, for, if the number is an unlucky one, I tell myself not to be foolish and that there is nothing in superstition worth bothering about, and, if the number is a lucky one, I accept the omen and feel really cheerful. In the result, I am cheerful in either case. Those who cannot see numbers, however, without treating them as parts of an examination-paper seem to me to make a labour of what ought to be a pleasure. I realised this when I read a letter in the *Daily Express* from a reader who had been puzzling his brains over the report that the Singapore naval graving dock can be emptied of its 68,750,000 gallons of water in four hours. You or I might have been tempted to add up the 6 and 8 and 7 and 5 in search of a lucky omen; but what struck this *Express* reader about the gigantic figure was, not a sensible notion like this, but "that a man with a half-pint size cocoa-tin would be a long time emptying the dock, and, assuming he emptied one cocoa-tin per second, worked eight hours a day and five days a week, he would take, according to this reckoning, 146 years, 234 days, 3 hours, 33 mins., 20 secs." The modern craze for science has often bewildered me, but I have never seen a better example of the hopelessly unpractical nature of the scientific man. If there were the slightest chance that any human being would ever be called on to empty the Singapore dock with a cocoa-tin I could understand this fury of calculation. But manifestly the calculator is living in a kind of fairyland and has done his work for fun. His sum is as essentially meaningless as all those sums about impossible hypotheses that used to weary the lives out of us in the arithmetic class. I suspect that the greater part of arithmetic is simply the fun of mathematicians which they have ingeniously foisted on the world as part of a serious education. I do not grudge them their fun, but, like treading on acorns, it is fun for specialists, and some of us may beg to be excused from sharing it.

As for my own small pleasures, I like the bracing smell of cold weather. I like to open a window and breathe such air as is never to be had within four walls. Then I like to sit down in an armchair and do my morning exercises—a crossword puzzle. I begin to feel a draught at the back of my neck, and, rising to my feet, I indulge myself in that other small pleasure of closing the window. Whether the pleasure of opening a window or the pleasure of closing it is the greater, I have never been able to decide. Each is extraordinarily satisfying. It is the same with wireless. There is the pleasure of turning it on, and there is the equal pleasure of turning it off. I have long maintained that it would be worth keeping a wireless set, if for nothing else, for that blissful moment at which one switches it off and enjoys a silence seldom to be found except in the heart of a forest or on a calm and solitary western shore. To enjoy the perfect beauty of silence, you must listen to a dance-band on the wireless for twelve minutes and then—click!—you are in Paradise.

Not that I am an enemy to noise. One of the small pleasures of life at the end of winter is to hear the tinkle of the blue-tit. At sound of it, a dead heath becomes part of an awakening world. Possibly, on a gramophone record, it would sound scarcely more impressive than the bells on a child's reins, but, heard from a tree, it is as invigorating as winter air breathed at an open window. The pleasure we get from it is, I fancy, in part the pleasure of a good omen. It is not only good in itself: it is also a song of promised good. It is a promise of that perfect spring in which we all believe and which we have so seldom seen. It is the same with the first sight of the commonest flower in February. There is little in dog's mercury to attract the eye, but what a pleasure it is to see it for the first time each year and to feel at sight of it that April is appreciably nearer! One of the small pleasures of life, indeed, is looking forward to the next season—in February to live prospectively in a world of willow-wrens and nightingales, in May to think of the blue seas of summer, in summer to feel the excitement of football already stirring in the veins, and when autumn comes to rejoice in the coming long evenings and coal fires of winter.

As I began by saying it is a world in which it ought to be easy to be happy. It is pleasant to look back; it is pleasant to be alive and look round; and it is pleasant to look forward. At least, in some ways. If only a few eminent statesmen realised how much pleasure there is to be got from shuffling through dry leaves, listening to a cat purring, studying a seedsman's catalogue, looking at a spider's web outlined in dew, finding an odd coin in an unexpected pocket, making a bonfire, or even treading on acorns, both they and we, I fancy, would begin to enjoy the pleasure of looking forward as we have not been able to do for years.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

SPANISH CHILDREN

SIR,—I was glad to see your query about the activities of the "Spanish Children Repatriation Committee." This body seems to have been in existence for some months, but I am unable to find evidence of any children that it has repatriated. As regards the Basque children, for whose return to their parents I have had, as an Officer of their Committee, some responsibility, I have examined our records for signs of Sir Arnold Wilson's assistance and initiative. In October he gave us some advice about shipping which proved to be of no particular relevance. There was a short and unhappy period in November when Sir Arnold Wilson appeared to be acting as representative of General Franco in this country. In connection with two senoritas who wished to return to Spain he informed us that: "nobody is unduly molested in Nationalist Spain unless they are found guilty of some offence." On the following day, he wrote graciously permitting our representatives to enter General Franco's Spain. The first letter carried little conviction to those who have any knowledge of insurgent Spain, and the second carried no apparent weight at the Frontier.

Since then, we have, of course, dealt directly with the Duke of Alba, Agent of General Franco in London, and I am glad to say

our relations with his office have been both straightforward and amicable.

Three adults came from Sir Arnold's Committee to us asking to be returned to Spain. Two of these had their fares paid by the Basque Children's Committee as they assisted with the care of the Basque children. In the case of the third, Father Gábana, as he did not come into this category, I paid for his ticket out of my own pocket.

G. T. GARRATT

The Authors' Club,
London, S.W.1.

SIR,—Your remarks, published in your issue of February 5th, show that you are labouring under a misunderstanding and we are sure you will, in fairness, publish this letter.

It is not our function to pay for the repatriation of the Spanish children to Spain, but merely to facilitate what we consider to be a charitable object, through our connection with the Duke of Alba, the Apostolic Delegate in Bilbao and the Nationalist authorities. The obligation to repatriate the children is one already undertaken by the Basque Children's Committee when they brought the children from Spain, and it would be impertinent for us to interfere with that obligation.

You incorrectly state that we have an "expensive office and secretary." Our office is kindly provided free by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House and the post of secretary is honorary.

CASTLEREAGH — E. VERNOR MILES
VICTOR CAZALET — NAIRNE STEWART-SANDEMAN
GEORGE L. CRAVEN — WELLINGTON (Chairman)
FITZALAN — ARNOLD WILSON
DOUGLAS JERROLD — ARTHUR F. LOVEDAY
EDITH LONDONDERRY — (Hon. Secretary)

Spanish Children Repatriation Committee,
Apsley House, 149 Piccadilly, W.1.

[We agree that it is impertinent for the Spanish Children Repatriation Committee to interfere with the Basque Children's Committee's work. Why then do they do so? And why call themselves a Children Repatriation Committee if they do not intend people to think that repatriating children is their function? They have tried to compel the Basque Children's Committee to return children to Spain, whether or not their parents were ready to receive them. "Critic's" main point was the meanness of trying to force children back to conditions of horror and danger, of discouraging people from subscribing for their maintenance in this country, and of conducting propaganda designed to suggest that they were not welcome visitors here. Could partisan meanness go further? Curiously enough, this does not seem to us a question of politics. If, for instance, children of Franco's supporters, orphaned or in danger in Spain, were brought to this country and were looked after by Sir Arnold Wilson, Lady Londonderry and their friends, we cannot conceive of ourselves, nor of anyone with the normal feelings of a human being, trying to make these children unhappy, and carrying out a campaign for their return to war conditions without parents to look after them, or attacking those who were looking after them in this country.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—The Spanish Children Repatriation Committee, which has no connection with the National Joint Committee, who are legally responsible for them, is anxious to send all the Basque children in England back to Spain without delay. If the children could be returned to their parents who were able to support them, nobody would be able to oppose this scheme whatever they felt about the wisdom of sending children to a country where bombardments and all the conditions of warfare were rife. In fact, however, the children whose parents have reclaimed them have all returned to Spain, and those who are left are those whose parents are themselves homeless refugees in Catalonia and Northern Spain, or in France. In other cases parents are separated, the father in Spain and the mother in France, and in yet other cases the children do not know where their parents are, not having received any communication from them since they have been in England.

In such circumstances we have no choice but to keep the children in the homes provided for them throughout the country, where they are free from danger, well cared for and happy, and are being fed, clothed and educated in a way which would not be possible in their own war-stricken country.

We appeal for funds to help us to keep open our Basque House at Langham until it is no longer needed, and any donation, however small, will be most gratefully received.

The Peace Pledge Union,
96 Regent Street, W.1.

DOROTHY PLOWMAN,
(Hon. Sec. Basque House Committee)

JEWS IN RUMANIA

SIR,—The article "Experienced in Rumania," signed by Mr. Gedye, which appeared in your issue of February 5th, has brought a number of inquiries from people who are anxious to know whether the stories in question are true.

To the best of our knowledge no such incidents took place, but it is impossible for a denial to be given to anonymous accounts of unrecorded incidents. If the Misses A., B. and C. would disclose their names, it would be possible to verify their statements, but I think Mr. Gedye will find, on further examination, that his credulity has been imposed upon.

I cannot sufficiently stress the fact that it is not a Rumanian characteristic to ill-treat women, either Christian or Jewish. It is regrettable that Mr. Gedye's article should give such a false impression to people who do not know us. We have a proverb in Rumania—"A woman should not be struck, even with a flower" (Să nu loveşti o femeie, chiar cu o floare), which sounds better than the English proverb which deals with a woman, a dog and a juniper tree, or so my English friends tell me!

In the hope that you will be good enough to print this letter for the information of those readers who seek enlightenment from us.

D. DEM. DIMANCESCO

Legatiunea Regala a Romaniei, Londra.

[We sympathise with the innocent representatives of the Rumanian Government in this country. Mr. Gedye, who is one of the most reliable and experienced newspaper correspondents in Europe, was quoting from first-hand evidence. We are sure that Rumania has charming proverbs and that most Rumanians behave with the utmost chivalry. Unfortunately, proverbs and traditions are not a check to the sadism of Fascism in Rumania, Germany and Italy, or even to the violence of British repression in India.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CHINA AND JAPAN

SIR,—I was rather sorry to see that long letter in your last issue, suggesting that the Chinese don't mind being invaded unless they happen to be killed. Every word, I have no doubt, was true, but it was calculated to make thoughtless readers (if you have any) say, "Well, if they don't mind, why should I?"

The effect on me was to remind me of my brief visit to England during the Great War, most of which period I spent on the other side of the world. During that time I saw and heard some things that I should not like to have seen recorded in print—examples of people on the make, of conscription-dodging, of callousness and selfishness, and of ineptitude and blundering. If these could happen in our small country where the standard of education is so much higher than in China and the sense of unity so much stronger, are we to be surprised or to react scornfully when we hear of imperfections in Chinese nationalism? Nor do I see that it makes Japan's actions any better. If we try to help China it must not be because we expect perfect treatment from her in exchange. Above all, we must not expect remunerative gratitude. Let us put international morality on a higher plane than that.

Oxford. A. MORGAN YOUNG

CHRISTIANITY AND WHAT NEXT?

SIR,—Joad is the spokesman and Housman is the story-teller for a large number of your readers who share their attitude to the question of Christianity and the churches. I think, however, you would be surprised if you knew how many members of the churches read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. May one of their number attempt as briefly as possible to suggest another point of view in this matter?

It seems to some of us that Marxism, in revolting from Capitalism, nevertheless inherited two fundamental untruths from the thought and value system of the latter. The first is Utopianism, the nineteenth-century view that human society is perfectible; even when a great experiment demonstrates the falsity of this optimistic view of human nature, there will always arise a Trotsky to say: "If only you had done it *my* way, the perfect society would have come." The second is Atheism, for Capitalism is essentially atheistic: it is a denial of every consequence of the Christian belief in man's brotherhood as based upon a conception of mankind as God's family. (I think we ought to allow the Rationalists, who occasionally advertise their convictions in your columns, full credit for being about the only people to perceive this truth and to accept it with courage.) The Marxists were right in their perception that Capitalism bolstered up the outward observances

of religion as a means of "doping the masses," that its religion was a plausible hypocrisy which a practical atheist might use to cloak his anti-social activities or to salve his conscience; but they were wrong in mistaking these hypocrisies for the reality of religion. In this respect the insights of Marx were less profound than those of Amos, with whom he is often compared. Owing to the decline of prophetic religion in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the churches likewise failed to raise up a prophet able to discern the signs of the times, and to-day leaders of the churches (like Canon Barry) must strive to liberate them from the clutches of the Capitalist Mammon. But we must notice that it is Capitalism, not Socialism, which is basically atheistic; it is not surprising that Christianity, as a living belief in God's purpose of brotherhood, equality and mutual aid, should lose its hold upon men's allegiance in the Capitalist age, since (as far as the masses are concerned) men's practice inevitably determines their belief (*cf.* the Marxist idea of the unity of theory and practice).

For this reason it seems probable that in a truly Socialist or co-operative society Christian belief will become much more real to the masses. Of course, not every form of Socialism will thus liberate and generate Christian belief, as the Russian situation clearly shows; but we would argue that as soon as Socialism in Russia or elsewhere finally succeeds in abolishing all traces of Capitalist mentality, that is, such things as fear, place-seeking, insecurity, resentment, it will have ceased to be atheistic. Whether it is within the power of Socialism thus to alter society is another matter, and the Christian will reject all forms of Utopian sentimentalism; but we would claim that the extent to which it can do this will be the index of its supremacy over practical atheism. There will doubtless always be many things even in a Socialist society which will make belief in Christian values difficult and "impractical" for the ordinary man.

All this does not mean that we must wait for Socialism before we can have Christianity; truth, for the Christian, is not merely pragmatic. But it does mean that, so long as social behaviour is atheistic, a denial of Christian values (as under Capitalism or Fascism), Christianity will be only a minority movement, the professed belief of a "remnant," not of the majority of men whose outlook is largely conformed to the social pattern of the world in which they live. Such a view will suggest another view as to why the churches are "empty" or "ineffective," a view which may perhaps be nearer the truth than that which commends itself to Joad.

ALAN RICHARDSON

Cambo Vicarage, Morpeth,
Northumberland.

THE HOSPITAL NURSE

SIR,—I don't know why your correspondent, "M. D.," waxes so righteously Left in his comments on my recent article. It would appear that he agrees with me as to the evils that call for immediate remedy, and as to the means whereby those evils may be remedied. "Vocation" seems to be the word that upset him. I wrote:

> Nursing has developed into a specialised and highly skilled craft, demanding, if it is to reach the level of efficiency now attainable and rightly expected, a vocational impulse, temperamental fitness, and a high degree of acquired skill and knowledge. . . . Nursing is a vocation, not a business career. Immediately unpleasant though much of it is, the work of a nurse is dignified and responsible work, just as the surgeon's is dignified and responsible work.

Later on, I pointed out that the immediate steps called for are a fifty per cent. rise in salaries, a reduction of the hours of duty to a maximum of ninety-six a fortnight, and an abolition of the petty restrictions that cramp the hospital nurse's life.

I simply do not know on what sentence in my article "M. D." bases this sneer: "Dr. Roberts' implication that, while some nurses desire 'money and comfort,' surgeons never do, is entertaining!" We all of us want money and comfort; but I still think that "a woman who sees her life as expressed in terms of money and comfort should never contemplate entering the profession of nursing"—or of surgery, or of medicine, or of authorship, or of art. In my opinion, she should possess "a vocational impulse and a temperamental fitness" for the specialist career chosen. I look up my dictionary and find that a vocation means "a sense of fitness for a career or occupation." Of all the women I know, I don't think that one in a dozen possesses "fitness" for the career of a nurse; or that all the training in the world would ever make her a good one. Fortunately, few of them are under the illusion that they have a vocational impulse that way. But isn't it a waste of time and energy to wrangle about these bits of idealism? I want to see the conditions of the hospital nurse improved financially, socially, and professionally. So, presumably, does "M. D." This sort of petty cavilling gives one explanation of why things take such an unnecessarily long time to get done.

HARRY ROBERTS

CLERGY AND INCUMBENTS

SIR,—This is rather a late reply to the astounding statement contained in Professor Joad's article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for January 22nd, but I am here taking hot Mud Baths at the base of Vesuvius, and have not been able to collect my figures earlier.

The figure that I want to criticise is the statement that the present staff of the Church of England is 12,680, and that it has been nearly halved since the beginning of the century.

I wrote about this statement to a large company whose business is to address circulars to the Clergy and other classes, and I asked them to give me recent figures. In the year when Professor Joad said that the number was 12,680, that was approximately the number of incumbents, but the number of incumbents and curacies amounted to 17,193. The total numbers since 1928 are as follows:

1928	17,151
1934	17,092
1935	17,193
1936	17,240

It is rather tragic that a Professor of the ability and distinction of Professor Joad should destroy the whole weight of his argument by such incorrect and hopelessly misleading figures. To say that the number of the staff of the Church of England had fallen by practically half is to make an absolutely false statement. I am sure Professor Joad, if he looks into the matter, will be the first to welcome my correction.

HENRY LUNN.

Naples.

[C. E. M. Joad writes: "Sir Henry Lunn is right and I am wrong about the number of clergymen. The figure which I gave—12,680—is, as he says, that of incumbents only; ignorance of the ways of the Church of England Year Book having led me into mistaking it for the figures for clergymen of all ranks those for incumbents only. I am grateful to Sir Henry Lunn for pointing out my mistake."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

PHILOSOPHY AND COMMON SENSE

SIR,—Mr. Bertrand Russell's review of Professor Levy's book is witty, interesting and points out a number of weaknesses in the work. Yet I cannot help feeling that it is definitely (though, of course, not deliberately) unfair, and in two ways: in its tone, and in its matter.

The tone is best indicated by his introductory remark about the attitude of the English to German philosophers: "either they have treated them with contempt or they have edited and bowdlerised them until their systems seemed compatible with common-sense." The implication seems to be that such a proceeding is in some way even worse than the "egoism of the imagination" with which he reproaches the German thinkers, and that both are modes of thought long since outgrown by the modern scientifico-philosophical thinker. Consequently they can scarcely be taken really seriously. Professor Levy is classed among the English "bowdlerisers" as the writer who makes Marxism "bland and sensible." After that, what remains except perhaps to say that "there is much admirable science" in the book, and to indicate the more flagrant philosophical errors.

But abuse, however delicate, is not argument, and suggests a dogmatism which is as much a matter of faith as any Mr. Bertrand Russell accuses Professor Levy of. An instance of this may be seen in his remarks on matter. "The series of events is all that the physicists need to believe in, and the material substratum is dismissed as a piece of metaphysical lumber." The physicist has spoken, and theology, metaphysics and common-sense are relegated to the outer darkness.

Such dogmatism renders it difficult, if not impossible, to approach with the sympathy necessary for understanding any work written on a different basis. It is therefore not to be wondered at that Mr. Bertrand Russell's review deals with omissions and weaknesses and does not even mention what Professor Levy was obviously trying to do. Professor Levy's book, in so far as it was to provide "a real living guide for man," was bound to be incomplete: that would require a modern

Summa. Despite his title and his remarks as to what a philosophy should be, that was clearly not his aim. What was he then trying to do? In my opinion, to supply a theory of knowledge as a basis on which such a modern Summa could be erected.

To do so, he makes a completely fresh start. He assumes two things—a material universe (not as the totality of material objects characteristic of the mechanistic scientific philosophy of the nineteenth century, but as a material entity and the only *material object* of thought); and man as a part of that material object, with a particular quality—consciousness. The problem then is to explain how "objects" (in the ordinary sense) including man have developed and are still developing. To do this he elaborates in the main chapters of his book (Chapter V, "A Scientific Study of Social Development," is explicitly only an attempt at applying the general principles of the preceding three chapters to history, and has not only the weaknesses of a first attempt on a tremendous problem, but others peculiar to Professor Levy) his conception of isolates, statistical and atomic, as a means of formulating West European experience, and according to which "objects" are primarily qualities of the one, self-developing material object, the universe.

This conception, Professor Levy would be the first to agree, is at the first stage of its development and will require much refinement and differentiation before it can really fulfil the tasks for which it is intended, one of which undoubtedly is the reconciling of science and common sense. Personally, I find much to disagree with in his presentation both of his principles and their application, but nevertheless I consider the fundamental idea one of the most pregnant for modern European philosophy. However that may be, as the bulk of the book is concerned primarily with this theory and the problems it involves, it surely deserves mention. To ignore it completely gives a totally false impression of the book and its seriousness, apart altogether from the question of its importance. R. HERDMAN PENDER

23 Tankerville Road,
Streatham, S.W.16.

HIRE-PURCHASE LEGISLATION

SIR,—Your interesting article on this subject omits to suggest what, to my mind, would be of the highest value for the protection of hirers. I refer to the idea of insisting that the hirer pay at least 25 per cent. of the total amount to be paid under the agreement on appending his signature to the document. This would surely cause people to think before signing even where they will not read before doing so. I believe it is proposed to endeavour to insert a clause in the Bill for the payment of a 5 per cent. deposit of this kind. This, however, is surely too small an amount to be of much importance. Judging from the number of persons I have met who sign agreements without reading them, I believe that such a provision alone can be of real protection to the hirer of the future.

Many no doubt would declare that such a clause would strike at the root of all hire-purchase transactions. This may well be true; but if a hirer cannot on signing raise a quarter of the amount he is hoping to pay eventually, he ought surely to be prevented from entering into an agreement which in times of slump will almost inevitably be used against him. J. E. ALLEN-JONES

Bryn Awel, Disley, Cheshire.

SIR,—Might I suggest that the proposed Act, instead of putting the onus of applying to the County Court for relief upon the hirer, should make it incumbent upon the vendor to apply to the County Court for leave to retake the goods? This would obviate the risk of any ignorant or illiterate hirer not obtaining such relief as he or she might be entitled to under the proposed Act.

8 The Cloisters, ROBERT V. OLLARD
Windsor Castle.

AMBULANCE WORK IN SPAIN

SIR,—Cabling on February 8th from Madrid, Miss Jacobsen, Commandant of the Scottish Ambulance Unit, said:—

> Foodstuffs almost exhausted; large consignments desperately required immediately to save women and children, invalids, and aged non-combatants. Would be heartbreaking if our relief work ceased owing lack funds.

An even more urgent cable from her has arrived in the following terms:—

> Last tin milk distributed to-day. By Tuesday other stores will be exhausted. Miss Brook and I distracted. Must we abandon innumerable heartrending cases? Let not your faith fail. Guarantee the further thousand required.

Your readers have been so generous in the past that I am almost ashamed to appeal to them again after a comparatively short interval, but needs must. The whole scheme was started in August, 1936, as an act of faith, "the substance of things hoped for." I estimated that at least £10,000 would be required. The expenditure reached that amount in December last. I made up the shortage myself so as to start the new year with a clean sheet. But the need has been greater than ever, and a further large consignment of foodstuffs and medical stores is now being shipped. I hope the generosity of your readers will again justify this act of faith. They will have the satisfaction of assisting in saving the lives of many of the half-starved women and children and aged non-combatants in and around Madrid. Donations addressed to Sir Daniel Stevenson, 5 Clevedon Road, Glasgow, will be gratefully acknowledged.

It is a pleasure to add that another motor-omnibus has been presented to us to help with evacuation work. It left Glasgow for Madrid at noon on Saturday in charge of Mr. Thomas Watters, who again undertakes alone the long journey of over 2,000 miles, as he did with the omnibus presented to us in November. He arrived at Appleby on Saturday night, Hertford on Sunday night and is now in Dover ready to cross to Calais *en route* for Spain.

D. M. STEVENSON,
Chairman, Scottish Ambulance Unit.

SPANISH RELIEF FUND

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums received for Spanish Relief:

A. Nathan (£10); Anon. (£1 1s.); Gertrude Orton (£1); Anna Neave, T. Stenhouse (10s.); E. G., M. G., F. A. Herbert, Ada Mitchell, Desmond Polack (5s.); F. H. Chase ($5).

Miscellany

THE DORKING THIGH

ABOUT to marry and invest
Their lives in safety and routine
Stanley and June required a nest
And came down on the 4.15.

The agent drove them to the Posh Estate
And showed them several habitations.
None did. The afternoon got late
With questions, doubts, and explanations.

Then day grew dim and Stan fatigued
And disappointment raised its head,
But June declared herself intrigued
To know where that last turning led.

It led to a Tudor snuggery styled
"Ye Kumfi Nooklet" on the gate.
"A gem of a home," the salesman smiled,
"My pet place on the whole estate."

"It's not quite finished, but you'll see
Good taste itself." They went inside.
"This little place is built to be
A husband's joy, a housewife's pride."

They saw the white convenient sink,
The modernistic chimneypiece,
June gasped for joy, Stan gave a wink
To say, "Well, here our quest can cease.'

The salesman purred (he'd managed well)
And June undid a cupboard door.
"For linen," she beamed. And out there fell
A nameless Something on the floor.

" Something the workmen left, I expect,"
The agent said, as it fell at his feet,
Nor knew that his chance of a sale was wrecked.
" Good heavens, it must be a joint of meat ! "

Ah yes, it was meat, it was meat all right,
A joint those three will never forget—
For they stood alone in the Surrey night
With the severed thigh of a plump brunette.

* * *

Early and late, early and late,
Traffic was jammed round the Posh Estate,
And the papers were full of the Dorking Thigh
And who, and when, and where, and why.

A trouser button was found in the mud
(Who made it ? Who wore it ? Who lost it ? Who knows ?)
But no one found a trace of blood
Or her body or face, or the spoiler of those.

He's acting a play in the common air
On which no curtain can ever come down.
Though " Ye Kumfi Nooklet " was shifted elsewhere
June made Stan take a flat in town.

WILLIAM PLOMER

SADLER'S WELLS AND GLYNDEBOURNE

THE new production of *Don Giovanni* at Sadler's Wells is immeasurably superior to any previous production of Mozart's great opera at Sadler's Wells or the " Old Vic " ; in fact it may be recommended without reservation to all music-lovers and even to lovers of Mozart—which gives some notion of the merits of the performance. At Sadler's Wells a popular national opera house is in course of establishment. If the present progress is maintained we shall have something to be proud of in another five or ten years, which is not to say that it is not already a credit to all concerned.

Some of the credit of this great advance which has taken place, however, must be given to Mr. John Christie's enterprise at Glyndebourne. It is fashionable in certain circles to disparage Glyndebourne because the seats cost from thirty shillings to fifty shillings each, and because there is a certain snob interest which brings people among its audiences who have no very genuine interest in or appreciation of music. But I fail to see why either of these two facts should prevent musicians and music-lovers from expressing their gratitude to Mr. Christie, who has enabled his musical director, Fritz Busch, and his producer, Carl Ebert, to reach a standard of operatic performances such as had never been even dreamed of in England. Mr. Christie is surely justified in charging prices which will not ruin him altogether, and as for the snob interest how is it to be prevented ? Nor is Glyndebourne the sole victim of it. The spectacle of Toscanini's six concerts last season at the Queen's Hall being filled with people who had never been in the Queen's Hall before was not a particularly edifying one, especially as it meant that many music-lovers who were capable of appreciating Toscanini's qualities were thereby prevented from hearing him. But those for whom Toscanini was merely a new sensation will soon abandon him, and precisely the same thing will happen at Glyndebourne. When the novelty and the sensationalism have worn off this public betakes itself elsewhere, and every great artist who has been the occasion of such publicity has had the experience of being deserted by this sort of public for some newer temporary idol.

One of the results of the Glyndebourne performances is that now more is demanded and more is given by the performers in Mozart's operas. Mr. Lawrence Collingwood, who conducts *Don Giovanni* at Sadler's Wells, secured the right dramatic intensity and the spirit of the opera was maintained by the serious attempt not to sacrifice the pace and the cumulative effect of the work to scene-changing. There is still room for speeding up, but this production has gone a long way towards meeting the difficulties of staging *Don Giovanni*. I await with interest to see during the coming season at Glyndebourne whether Mr. Christie will have carried out the drastic improvement in this respect which he has promised, since the one grave shortcoming in the Glyndebourne production of *Don Giovanni*—which musically was in many ways superb—was this cutting up of the opera into isolated fragments for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Hamish Wilson's not very interesting scenery.

This year the Glyndebourne season begins on May 21st and lasts until July 9th, and for the first time since its inception the work of other composers than Mozart will find a place in its repertory. The choice has fallen on Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and Verdi's *Macbeth*. About the latter there can be no demur. It is a very fine work and it is unknown in this country. The same cannot be said of *Don Pasquale*, which was given last year at Covent Garden. It is a delightful but somewhat slight work, and I think a better choice was possible. However, we must remember that the difficulties of casting operas for a short season are immense. The language difficulty alone is a great obstacle in selecting the repertory, and Mr. Christie's objection to producing Berlioz's *Beatrice and Benedict* or *Benvenuto Cellini* is that it adds a third language, French, to the German and Italian required of the Glyndebourne singers. On this point, however, I suggest that since Berlioz used Shakespeare's text for *Beatrice and Benedict* that opera might well be given at Glyndebourne in the original English.

Listening to Professor Dent's admirable translation of the libretto of *Don Giovanni*, I was forcibly struck by the immense discrepancy between the music and the text. For musicians the words of all Mozart's operas are very little less than an outrage, and nobody has yet acquired any true notion of Mozart's genius who is not yet aware of this vast discrepancy. The text exists as a plot, a framework for the composer's musical conceptions, but when one considers what the play meant to his librettist, Lorenzo da Ponte, both from the actual words he has given to the characters and by reflecting on the interpretations of this text by innumerable commentators and critics who make such a very commonplace matter of it, one can see here an example of the very old truth that the subject matter or theme of a great work of art lies wholly in the mind of him who creates it. There are no subjects that are in themselves great or, to put it in another way, there is no subject however great that cannot be reduced to the commonplace when observed by a mediocre mind. Let us take *Hamlet*, for example. What is the subject of *Hamlet* as seen by commonplace eyes ? Nothing more or less than the indecision of a weak-minded young man who has not got the guts to murder his uncle. Likewise, to thousands of critics since *Don Giovanni* was composed, the theme of this opera is the mere petty history of an ordinary seducer.

If we had Lorenzo da Ponte's text alone, this is all that we could find in it, for da Ponte, though capable of a workmanlike stage-craft and an occasional vivacity, was no creative poet, and to him his play was a mere piece of theatrical ingenuity. But every bar of the music breathes of another world, a world, like Shakespeare's, of creative fantasy in which there are immeasurable profundities. A good example of this transfiguring imagination is Leporello, who is a mere stage buffoon to da Ponte (and to many people in every audience that hears this great masterpiece), but in Mozart's music he is transformed into a stupendous figure, awe-inspiring in its remoteness from all the higher human values. The scene between the distracted Elvira and Leporello in which he recounts the list of Don Giovanni's conquests is absolutely terrifying in the ferocity and cold-blooded wit of Mozart's music, for in this music he says things which are hardly conceivable in words. Then, to Donna Anna, Mozart gives a passionate intensity quite outside the range of the majority of women who might find themselves in such a situation ; so much so that Professor

Dent—who has no great love for sublimities—has complained that Mozart was given to emotional extravagance! As Mozart, like all opera composers—even Richard Strauss and Puccini—was very exacting about his librettos, there can be no doubt that he had a great deal to do with the planning of the drama, and he succeeded in getting a text from da Ponte which gave him the necessary basis of his work; but this text must be considered as the mere bricks, wood and mortar out of which an architect erects a great building full of expression and beauty, which are not by any means in the material itself. But for those, therefore, who go to hear *Don Giovanni* at Sadler's Wells and listen with chief attention to the words, which being in English are intelligible to them, it is as though they should go to look at a fresco by Giotto and pay most attention to the paint and the plaster or go around Chartres Cathedral with a book of physionomical types classifying the sculpture according to the various races who once inhabited the different provinces of ancient Gaul.

W. J. TURNER

"OTHELLO," AT THE OLD VIC

THIS production is often interesting, but as a whole curiously ineffective. Mr. Ralph Richardson, one of the best actors on the English stage, plays the Moor with skill, dignity and taste. He has a beautiful voice, and speaks his lines with understanding. But he fails to be heroic; his Othello inspires no awe; we are sorry for him, but we do not feel the profound pity that should extend from him to the whole condition of man; and the tragedy dwindles into a thriller about a villain who ruins an amiable and well-bred simpleton. The excessive mildness of the Othello is aggravated by the excessive liveliness of the Iago. Mr. Laurence Olivier, once a constant pleasure to watch, has become, I hope not irretrievably, a Star with the faults of a Star. While it would be irrelevant to declare him a better or a worse actor than Mr. Richardson, the ugly fact remains that, like the much-abused actor-manager of pre-war days, he takes the centre of the stage and the whole balance of the play is disastrously upset. We are shown, not a lion killed by a viper, but a virtuoso toreador playing a bull. And it is his exquisite accomplishment that we concentrate upon, not the blind processes of the victim. Whether this was Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's intention we cannot tell, but he has either imposed, or been helpless to prevent, a gross distortion. The opening scene was promising; Mr. Olivier tilted his helmet back with the gesture of a non-commissioned officer, and we thought we were going to see the Iago for which the plot calls, an Iago risen from the ranks, apparently ingenuous, the sort of coarse hearty whom one could naturally think honest. But Mr. Olivier has hardly the physique or the personality for such an interpretation. And we were given the regular Italianate villain plus the mercurial vivacity and ironic humour that are peculiar to Mr. Olivier. Though never a dull actor, he can be exasperating, his mannerisms are becoming more pronounced, and he would benefit, I think, from a dictatorial producer. A most curious feature of his performance was a sort of hysterical collapse when Othello falls in a trance—(" Work on, my medecine, work! ") Presumably this was to suggest madness—a suggestion for which the text gives no warrant. In any case the effect, as in so many other moments of Mr. Olivier's performance, was to distract us unduly from Othello's condition to Iago's. He was allowed to steal even the last act. Apart from this fundamental weakness, Mr. Guthrie let us down in various details. The lamp in Desdemona's bedroom was the smallest electric bulb procurable, and the stage was brightly flooded with blue, so that the putting out of the light lost all dramatic effect. A number of cheap laughs were ingeniously achieved where they had no right to be. A messenger's speech, delivered *prestissimo* with the actor not facing the audience, was incomprehensible. Mr. Stephen Murray was brilliant as Roderigo, Mr. Anthony Quayle excellent as Cassio—how miserably, sulkily puzzled, he looked after the brawl!—these indeed were much the best performances. Desdemona was arch where she should be spirited, and genteel where she should be aristocratic, but at moments achieved the right simplicity. The scenery, except for the bedroom, was pleasing and effective, but the costumes were unlucky: intended, no doubt, to be Paolo Veronese, they looked like " a little woman round the corner." The value of the Old Vic is incalculable, but we have now had successively a *Macbeth* that was gutted of all poetry, mere Grand Guignol; a *Midsummer Night's Dream* that was a pantomime, very amusing and enchanting to look at, but with most of the verse thrown away; and now an *Othello* that is an unconvincing melodrama. A few more such disappointments, and we shall be in danger of being converted to the idea of a National Theatre!

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MOVIES

" Extase," at the Rialto
" La Mort du Cygne," at the Curzon
" Der Zerbrochene Krug," at the Berkeley
" Arsène Lupin Returns," at the Empire
" Submarine D1," at the Gaumont (from Sunday)

NOTHING if not broad-minded, the Rialto follows up *The Price of Ignorance* with *Extase*: first the dangers of sex, then its delights. *Extase*, now billed as " a study in artistic exoticism," is a Czech film shown by the Film Society some years ago, and only just released from the L.C.C. ban. It has had more than a mere ban to contend with, for it is said that the star's husband, an Austrian armaments magnate, was so indignant at the rôle sustained by his wife in this film that he spent some £60,000 buying up and destroying prints. (An admirable idea lurks here for a fantastic comedy; I present it to M. Réné Clair.) One copy only escaped the omnivorous attentions of Herr Mandl, and this we are now privileged to

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see. It is worth seeing, but only just, for in several respects it puts a severe strain upon our sense of humour. First, the story of a radiant girl married to a dull, lifeless, middle-aged man and finding satisfaction in the strong arms of a toiler, is drained dry of everything that is not directly related to sex, and any absorption so exclusive as that makes an audience restless. Second, the pace is deliberately slow and the dialogue almost non-existent. Third, the use of symbolism is excessive. Fourth, the ending is, at least in this version, sheer muddle. Against this must be set performances by the three principals as natural as the hot-house atmosphere will permit, and much very beautiful photography. There is quite an old-fashioned charm in those fields of waving corn, multiple coruscating suns, frost-spangled branches, forest pools, stormy skies. They recall to the mind the still earlier impact of the great Russians, when the plain man first became aware of the screen as a pictorial as well as a narrative medium. Serious aim and lyrical camera-work give to *Extase* its moments of passion, grave, intense and not vulgar. But it has also fashions and devices which date like the plot mechanism of an old best-seller. Repeated shots of such unromantic perquisites of the husband as pince-nez and button-boots; the heroine's long ride into the country wearing nothing but a night-gown; her general air of ineffability throughout—these are among the features which may interest the film historian, but can only confuse the amateur of artistic exoticism. "Biggest take-in I ever saw," I heard one student exclaim as we emerged.

La Mort du Cygne is the first dud in a long succession of admirable French films. Founded on a story by Paul Morand and directed by Jean Benoit-Lévy, it has a theme not unlike that of *Mädchen in Uniform*. A girl of twelve, learning to dance in the ballet school of the Paris Opera, chooses for her *petite mère* a young *première danseuse* whom she henceforth idolises. When a visiting dancer threatens by her success to usurp the star's position, the little girl is aroused to a fury of resentment and tampers during a performance with the trap-door, so that the newcomer falls through it and is crippled for life. The development of the plot after this point is incredible, and novelettish in sentiment. The girl, her crime still undiscovered, is sent round to deliver to the injured *ballerina* her old ballet shoes; arrived there, she consents not only to stay, but even to dance for her victim. She could not do it; no child could do it who was not a monster; and this child is no monster, but a born idealist of the ballet, in whom the sight of the lame dancer must have excited intolerable remorse. Nor are we convinced by the extreme nobility of the *ballerina* herself, who, when she discovers the crime, forgives all for the sake of Art. The effect of the film is further weakened by long ballet sequences conspicuous for indifferent dancing and hideous scenery rather than for their dramatic relevance. The acting, however, is of the excellence usual in French films, Jeanne Charrat and the other little girls being as bewilderingly brilliant in this respect as the Langford Grove girls at painting. In the subsidiary adult parts, too, there is plenty of life, and the scenes of the girls at practice in the sky-lit studio are pretty enough to make the exclamation: "Pure Degas, my dear!" almost obligatory.

Der Zerbrochene Krug (The Broken Jug) is, I believe, the third film based on the old comedy of Heinrich von Kleist: the tale of a corrupt village judge ignominously exposed in the presence of the visiting magistrate. The film begins with a delightful scene of daybreak in the Netherlands. The sleepy little town photographed between the wings of the windmill, the quaint old clock with its bowing figures, the bustle and clatter of clogs on stone floors, the flinging open of windows and banging down of trays—all this was good. Presently the little Berkeley began to resound with the stertorous groans and grunts of Emil Jannings recovering from a debauch. A Jannings hangover is an impressive spectacle reminiscent of the finale of *Hurricane*; at this point it looked as though a Rabelaisian figure were about to emerge, but, as the film went on, he overplayed more and more; while the trial scene revealed in the direction a ponderous over-emphasis which we had already feared when we saw, at the outset, not one or two but six bowing figures on the clock. By the end the tide of talk had submerged and stupefied us all, and it was no longer Jannings but someone two rows behind me whose noisy slumbers echoed in our ears.

Where Germany, France and Czechoslovakia let us down, America cannot save us. *Arsène Lupin Returns* is an efficient mystery story with some rather damp dialogue; *Submarine D1* a piece of naval-patriotic containing passages of great nautical interest interspersed with the regulation chunks of cheap comedy and perfunctory romance. PETER GALWAY

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PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Frozen Glory" at the Gate, and "Do We Not Bleed?" (New Plays Production) at the Aldwych.

Two melodramas appeared last week. *Frozen Glory* at the Gate Theatre, and, on Sunday night, *Do We Not Bleed?* at the Aldwych. *Frozen Glory* is a kind of hotchpot of *The Ascent of F6* and *Journey's End*, a play about six men dying of starvation in a hut in Labrador. The chief excitement is to discover in what order they perish, and who will survive. The neurotic hearty, the cynical trifler, the leader with an upper lip, the boy who worships him (these four all from same public school), the cockney servant, or the villainous foreigner who intrudes as a kind of spirit of evil. Three are taken and three are left. This is an extremely well-acted play. Antony Ireland is admirable as the cynic who makes the supreme sacrifice, and Cyril Gardiner (he played Stanhope once in *Journey's End*) excellent as the leader. Peter Osborn looked perfect as the Tenderfoot, and even managed to get away with quoting Rupert Brooke. Skelton Knaggs, as Max, was a little bit too *Third Floor Back*. This is a play in which all the characters are taken not from life, but from melodrama. Yet the play is so well constructed and well acted that one feels that melodrama may be life—that young explorers to-day still sing Tipperary and read Rupert Brooke and forget to search a dead man who has in his pocket half their emergency ration of pemmican. Gruesome but exciting.

Do We Not Bleed? is an "ironical melodrama" in which a kind of Streicher with an anti-Jewish newspaper is defeated by an English newspaper-man with a hatred of injustice. It is rather an amateur affair with glimpses, in the second act, of drama. Ben Williams was sinister as Colonel Muldek, the chief of police. David Drake played the somewhat original part of a Jewish Bull-dog Drummond or Pimpernel. One can't help feeling it's not as easy as that, propaganda should be more than wish-fulfilment.

Old London Loan Exhibition at 45 Park Lane. Entrance 5s. in Aid of the Royal Northern Hospital.

This exhibition has a particular interest because the London that it shows has almost entirely disappeared. In the Temple, in Bedford Row and Bedford Square, in a few Westminster streets, we still can see the London of Canaletto, Hogarth and Samuel Scott. But how few these relics are, and how insecure! (The Trustees of the British Museum still preserve a sinister silence about their alleged scheme for wrecking Bedford Square.) Compare the London of to-day with the Duke of Richmond's Canaletto of London from Richmond House, and you must wonder whether the vulgarity and ugliness of the modern town are not signs of profound moral and intellectual decay. The civilisation that has raised these buildings has also provided the explosives with which they can be destroyed. The wen has become a cancer, and the cancer seems likely to destroy the organism which supports it. In this excellently arranged exhibition, the beautiful translucent Canalettos are the finest exhibits. There are also a pair of pictures by Stubbs, one of which is a masterpiece; Hogarth's portrait of the noble Captain Coram who founded the Foundling's Hospital; a set of enchanting round pictures of all the eighteenth-century London hospitals, by Richard Wilson, Gainsborough and others; interesting anecdote pictures of George III as a boy with his brother, of Fox addressing the House of Commons, of the Duchess of Devonshire about to kiss the butcher (Morland has made the butcher very like Fox!) Then there is charming porcelain from Chelsea and Bow, a lot of Battersea enamel, handsome tapestry-covered chairs and a remarkable collection of silver, including some superb seventeenth-century salts. The exhibits look very well in Sir Philip Sassoon's drawing-room with its beautiful French panelling, and one has the pleasant impression that this is not an exhibition but the collection of some fortunate connoisseur.

"Les Maîtres Populaires de la Réalité," at Tooth's

Messrs. Tooth have had the excellent notion of collecting pictures by seven "Sunday painters"—self-taught amateurs of humble origin. Since their innocence is a valuable part of their equipment, it is interesting to compare them with the Langford Grove schoolgirls whose work was shown (and can still be seen) at the Zwemmer Gallery. Those of us who admired the pictures by these children were foolishly credited with saying that they were as good as Matisse, and the just conclusion was drawn that if four schoolgirls out of five could paint as well as Matisse, Matisse could not be a great master. But in fact no respectable critic, as far as we know, ever said anything so preposterous. The Langford Grove paintings were remarkably fresh, decided, decorative and sensitive—and so are many of the pictures at Tooth's. But that is not to say they are works of genius. There are three paintings at Tooth's by Rousseau, who was one of the very great French artists and is still underrated. But naivety is the least important, the most superficial, of his qualities. In design (especially in placing details), in subtlety of colour, in the fusion of expressive and decorative elements, he is not "an inspired amateur," but, quite simply, a great master. (Look at the wonderful little landscape lent by Mr. Samuel Courtauld.) The other painters represented are of incomparably smaller stature. Bombois is definitely a good painter—sensitive and highly accomplished. *L'étang de Saint-Cucufa* is a fine, brilliant and imaginative work, and all his pictures are interesting. The others interest by the oddity of their vision rather than by aesthetic qualities. Séraphine Louis seems to have had a pretty talent, Peyronnet sees things with his own sharp eyes, Vivin and the Pre-Raphaelite Dietrich are "amusing," but nothing more. Bauchant (who is now having a show at the Lefevre Galleries) has become a very professional and not very interesting artist. These pictures are genuinely proletarian; that, alas, does not make them very good, but it does make them far more interesting than those of the vaunted Rivera. And Messrs. Tooth deserve our gratitude for collecting them, and particularly for introducing London to Bombois—a minor painter but a proper artist.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, February 20th—
- Prof. T. H. Pear on "Modern Culture and Modern Psychologists," Conway Hall, 11.
- C. L. R. James on "The Moscow Trials, Before and After," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- Ronald Kidd on "The Government, the Citizen and the Police," 86 Rochester Row, 8.
- Stage Society Production: "Awake and Sing," Vaudeville. Public discussion on play, Thursday, 24th, at 66 Portland Place, 8.30.

MONDAY, February 21st—
- Exhibition of Spanish Children's Drawings, 21 Frith Street, W.1. Open for three weeks.
- Dr. S. V. Pearson on "Some Aspects of the Overgrowth of London," 94 Petty France, 7.45.
- British Industries Fair, Olympia, Earls Court, and Birmingham.

TUESDAY, February 22nd—
- Manek K. Vajifdar on "An Indian Cycles Round the World," Friends House, 1.20.
- Prof. W. M. Macmillan on "Tropical Settlement," Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Avenue, 6.30.
- R. B. Kerr on "Democracy Under Eclipse," Conway Hall, 7.
- Miss Eleanor Rathbone on "Collective Security," Morley College, 8.
- Three Short Operas by Vaughan Williams, Weber and Mozart, Arts Theatre, Cambridge, 8.15. Till 26th.
- "Dodsworth," Palace.
- "Heaven and Charing Cross," Playhouse.

WEDNESDAY, February 23rd—
- Meeting in support of China, organised by Hampstead L.B.C. and China Campaign Committee. Victor Gollancz, Richard Acland, Miss Koo Chu-Chen and others. St. Pancras Town Hall, 7.45.
- "Land's End," Westminster.

THURSDAY, February 24th—
- Dr. L. Haden Guest on "A National Medical Service," Livingstone Hall, 8.
- Chelsea Committee for Spanish Relief Public Meeting, Chelsea Town Hall, 8.
- Dr. M. Schmideberg: "Is the Criminal Amoral?" Caxton Hall, 8.30.
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

FRIDAY, February 25th—
- Stephen Spender on "Keats and the English Tradition," Hampstead Town Hall, 8.
- Philip Noel Baker on "Foreign Policy," Essex Hall, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A STUDY of the intelligentsia has yet to be written. I use the Russian word in the sense of its derivation, because there is no synonym, but I do not wish to call up any Russian associations, and am thinking of the class as it has grown up in Europe. It is the international class of intellectuals whose work is concerned with ideas: teachers, professional men, scientists, writers. One has only to make such a list to see that the categories are insufficient. Membership is a matter of the spirit; a commercial traveller may belong to, or a University professor be outside, the class. Education, particularly in England, does not imply membership, though lack of education excludes. The intelligentsia is, therefore, always being recruited from other classes and its children being reabsorbed by them. It is not so much a class as a fighting body, recruited chiefly from the bourgeoisie. Like a regiment, it has its traditions. Historically the intelligentsia seems to me to be directly descended from the Puritans, and in its finest examples to preserve much of the spirit of the non-conforming "enthusiasts" who (so splendidly) broke the habit of accepting authority in matters of belief, and substituted, in a multitude of whimsical and harmlessly eccentric forms, the voice of the individual conscience. It is possible to trace, in the movement for religious liberty, the growth of rationalism. The descendants of the Puritans are the free-thinkers, who often remain Puritan in their habits and their outlook. A perfect example of the flower of the Puritan intelligentsia is the subject of the biography *Madame Curie*, by her daughter, Eve Curie, translated by Vincent Sheean (Heinemann, 18*s*.). It is in my opinion wrong to think of either Pierre Curie, or of his Polish wife, as persons of great individual genius. It is better to look on them as exceptionally perfect members of a small class, existing in every country. Actually they were only distinguished from hundreds of other obscure workers by the fact that the elements they discovered had important properties. Their Puritan outlook made them refuse the opportunity of wealth, while the unavoidable fame bored and distressed them.

* * *

Mademoiselle Curie has not written a really good biography, and Mr. Sheean has not made a really good translation; but the reader will forgive the exclamatory over-dramatisation of the one and the occasional slips—such as shrimps for crayfish, turtle for tortoise—of the other. For here the subject is all that matters, and what would appear serious faults anywhere else sink to trifles.

> Bicycle ball-bearings, dipped in ink, were left on an inclined plane, where, describing a parabola, they verified the law of falling bodies.

What does such a vague word as *left* matter? One sees what is meant and can happily ignore such details as that ordinary ink does not adhere to polished steel. Manya Skladovska was the youngest of the five children of a Polish school-teacher whose position had been endangered by friction with his Russian superiors. The little girl grew up in an atmosphere of secret rebellion.

> One of the most melancholy results of political constraint is the spontaneous ferocity it develops among the oppressed. Manya and Kazia felt such rancours as free human beings never know. Even though they were by nature tender and generous, they lived in accordance with a particular morality—the slave morality—which turns hatred into a virtue and obedience into cowardice.

This is well said; though it must be remembered that the majority of Russian intelligentsia were growing up in a precisely similar atmosphere under Tsarist rule. I can remember the wild outburst of joy which followed when a young girl rushed in with shining eyes, exclaiming "Guess what has happened! Pleave has been assassinated!" Friendship with a girl in the enemy camp, pleasure in scientific lessons given by a Russian, in the oppressors' language, were thus occasions for feelings of guilt and self-reproach very like those which the children born into some strict Puritan sect are made to feel if they make friends with the ungodly. After all, the Puritans derived their inspiration and symbolism from the literature of an oppressed and captive race.

* * *

Fortunately a new interest in scientific work was springing up at that time in Poland which offered an avenue of escape from the cramping pettiness of racial hatred and nationalism. The little girl who felt it a duty to spit at Russian statues in the street found something more worthy of her loyalty. At seventeen she became a governess whose small salary helped to support her elder sister, then studying medicine in Paris. And when this sister had married a young Polish doctor, she went to join their household, to starve herself, and study physics at the Sorbonne. At a critical moment she won a scholarship, which enabled her to continue her advanced work. Some years later she saved up the money to repay it—so that there should be money for another poor girl. Her work in physics brought her in contact with Pierre Curie, a scientist whose research work had won him the friendship and respect of Lord Kelvin, but who had an unimportant, ill-paid job. Pierre was the son of a very intelligent free-thinking French doctor; the family was originally Protestant. Pierre made friends with the Polish girl, discussed her work and his own with her, fell in love and with some difficulty persuaded her to marry him, since she was held back by scruples about abandoning her country and her father. It was from the first an extraordinarily happy marriage. Pierre started Marie off on a piece of research which particularly interested him and had been suggested by Becqueral's observations of unknown rays emitted by salts of uranium. She worked under great difficulties, in unwarmed studios and wretched sheds with water dripping through the roof, and they had scarcely any money to pay for essential apparatus. But they had the essentials of happiness: an enthralling subject of study, which filled their minds perpetually. Marie started examining all known substances for signs of radio activity and discovered a radiation greater than that of uranium in pitchblende. From that moment all that was necessary was the power to work, for she had to boil and fractionally distil tons and tons of ore with her own hands before she isolated the first grains of salts of radium. The research was by no means all her work: for Pierre soon joined in and they spent all their spare time working together.

* * *

They went for holidays sometimes; going on bicycling and walking tours in the Auvergne, staying in peasants' cottages. Marie rode a man's bicycle. Money was short. Whatever job Pierre applied for was always, infallibly, given to someone else. By 1902 he had been rejected three times as a member of the Academy of Sciences—though he had achieved a reputation among European physicists which was only equalled by that of his wife. Every physicist who kept abreast of the original work being done at that time knew that the Curies were doing work of revolutionary importance, upsetting all existing theories of matter. Yet Pierre Curie could not get a well-paid job, nor a laboratory to work in. He never had a laboratory worth the name. Radium brought fame. He was offered the Legion of Honour, and replied:

> Please be so kind as to thank the Minister and to inform him that I do not feel the slightest need of being decorated, but that I am in the greatest need of a laboratory.

From the first the Curies decided that they should make no material profit from their discovery. They were thus soon in the ridiculous position of having created a value which was putting the means of continuing their own work out of their reach. The effect of the rays on human tissue was naturally at once discovered: its application to tumours followed shortly. Then, when Pierre Curie was at the very height of his powers, he was knocked down by a dray in the street and killed. After the first shock had been overcome, Marie went on with her work. But the surroundings had changed. She

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was asked to continue her husband's lectures at the Sorbonne. The Institute of Radium was built: the women of America subscribed to buy her first one gramme and then another. She was mobbed and idolised and excruciated with boredom.

> After all, is there much difference between acclaiming Dempsey and acclaiming me? It seems to me that the mere fact of acclaiming in this way has in itself something not to be commended. . . . I don't see to what degree it is permissible to confound the person with the idea the person represents.

Perpetually harassed by the admiration of the vulgar, and by the honours showered upon her, she went on working incessantly, until the enormous cumulative doses of radium to which she had been exposed brought on pernicious anaemia in her old age. But for one of the saints she had an extraordinarily full and happy life. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

I'd Hate to be Dead. By FRANK TILSLEY. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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Summer Moonshine. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

What a gust of fresh air Mr. Frank Tilsley sends down from Lancashire. Somehow he has managed to escape the sterilising process through which such a number of his colleagues have to go at the hands of education and our class system and, instead of ending as the standard, left-wing intellectual earnestly hiding the shame of an interest in human beings under a show of politics, he remains independent and himself. Wells is his master, but not the Wells who went into Bloomsbury and forgot about people like Mr. Polly; Mr. Tilsley's autobiographical hero in *I'd Hate to be Dead* is a Northerner and began in the working class with a fruit barrow. Though he made a nice pile by the time he was twenty and even got into the House of Commons, he stuck pretty well to the Manchester back street he had come from. And there is nothing of the little man with big ideas about Mr. Tilsley; he is a hulking fellow, a go-getter shrewd to the point of cruelty, boastful, sentimental, inordinate in his revenges and feuds, and yet an attractive human being because he is careless and often wrong and is always cutting off his nose to spite his face. You like him because he never says die, because he is a phenomenon but such a fool in personal relationships that to have him about the house would be—and was to his two wives—a martyrdom. It killed them. With such a figure Mr. Tilsley is able to do what the rest of us know ought to be done but cannot do with such good-tempered veracity: to give a picture of that rude, free-spoken, unrespectable plebeian England which starts from nothing, drives lorries, opens shops, gets the better of its neighbours, goes up the spout itself and will turn a hand (and a sharp eye) to anything from old iron to charabancs. If he starts with a penny he will come back with a pound. If he loses his pound and is down to a penny, it is not long before he is again on his feet.

I should like to quote some of the excellent dialogue. It is raw stuff but not tough for toughness' sake. I should like to retell at length how Mr. Tilsley's hero ingeniously made a living out of cleaning up empty houses on condition that anything left there was his perquisite. There is, also, the first day out with his fruit barrow when he was a youth too shy to bawl out his wares. He can drop down from several thousands in the bank to road ganging with a grin. Then there are the fights, maulings which make Hollywood look tame, beginning when Uncle Ted half-killed him as a boy and ending with a collision with his own son who turned out to be slippery about money and signatures. But what interests me more is the decent candour and the unusual honesty of the psychology. In the North people are proud to be called hard; they like their good nature, but they like their bad nature too. They don't mind admitting they love when they hate and hate when they love. They prefer conflict to happiness, glory and not peace. There are two scenes, one concerning a wretched penniless woman he has slept with who tries to father a child on him: the other when he discovers that his wife is having a child by his friend and partner who has swindled him. Both these scenes are shocking because he turns the woman away brutally in the first case, and behaves with terrible meanness of heart to his wife and bastard in the second. And yet in both cases one is made to feel not repulsion only, but pity too for a man who, in both these actions, seems to act involuntarily and by a kind of primitive destiny. He takes on the stature of life itself in being uncontrollably good and evil mixed. Mr. Tilsley has had an intuition of the truth that every human action creates a world of its own:

> People talk about love creating an understanding between people that transcends the necessity for words, but dislike can do exactly the same thing. I'd only have to look over the top of my paper at Joan, when Grace was telling her she must have a new blouse or go to the skating rink, or go to town with her, and Joan knew well enough that it was more than her life was worth to give way to Grace's kindness. I'd no need to scowl at her or anything like that. She just knew what I was thinking, and what I meant. It fascinated me sometimes, the way Joan and I knew things about each other, this curious sympathy of understanding our hatred had given to us. We both took a sort of pride in it.

Joan got her own back. Everyone in this broad, humorous, strong-tempered and very human book gets his own back, even the hero's silly downtrodden first wife. The young generation are as surprising, if less interesting, than their staggering father. Mr. Tilsley is obviously an outstanding writer.

M. Roger Vercel's book about a French prisoner and his Bulgarian guard in the Balkans during the war is a more reflective piece of work, more polished, sensitive and intellectually curious, but no less vigorous and dramatic for its restraint. Lena is a woman doctor who attends to the wounded officer, a woman who has forgotten everything except political hatred, and as the Bulgarians retreat across the mountains she does her duty by the Frenchman but taunts him bitterly. The French excel in examining the differences in mind between men and women; but it all leads, as a rule rather too neatly, to the complacent crowing of the Gallic cock as it argues its hen's head down to the inevitable erotic moment. M. Vercel avoids this cliché, because he really *is* interested in the important conflict of ideas between the fire-eating woman and war-sickened soldier. In the last chapters the story takes a violent turn. The retreat is breaking up into pillage and anarchy and Lena's behaviour is carried to a logical if rather melodramatic end. The Frenchman is shocked to the heart by the realities of war; and he has to watch Lena fulfilling herself in the horror that sickens him. M. Vercel's narrative is admirable and his observation has the surprising air of truth. Good observation has this quality of surprise:

> Ever since the Armistice, seldom, if ever, had we looked at a landscape without being astonished to find it silent. . . .

The novel is not a debate; it is the story of an unusual but convincing situation, interrupted by the alarms and sufferings of a terrible march across the passes and through the gorges of the Balkans. The nightmare scene in the raided village at the end did not ring so truly in my opinion, and I'm not sure that to set the whole between the rather Ruritanian challenge and settling of a duel was not an unnecessary literary device; but these are minor criticisms of a novel which is quite unlike any war book I have read.

You Play the Black and the Red Comes Up is an American tough story by an Englishman who has learned all the tricks, but of course is quite without that cynicism which is the making of the genre. He is obviously a literary tourist. And so we come to the Left Book Club's day off from school: Mr. Belfrage's *Promised Land.* This is politics without tears, a brisk, witty, sexy stretch of documentary journalism describing the rise of Hollywood from the estate agent's lot to principal dope factory of the world. Far, far too long of course, unless perhaps you are an estate agent and want statistics about Californian booms; but in Ma Laurie, through whose half-comic, half-lugubrious family story the picture is built up, Mr. Belfrage has netted cunningly the masterly stupid, ignorant and amiable American business woman who is one of the seven deadly plagues emancipated by democracy.

It is pleasant to conclude with one of Mr. Wodehouse's pastorals with their almost Elizabethan plots, sub-plots and landscape. How gratefully when the head begins to sway from the ups and downs of Public School merriment, the eye rests on his accomplished little glimpses of ye olde England:

> The town of Walsingford, though provided almost to excess with public houses, possesses only one hotel of the higher class, the sort that can be considered a suitable pull-up for the nobility and gentry. . . . The fastidious find it a little smelly, for the rule against opening windows holds good here as in all English country-town hotels, but it is really the only place where a motorist of quality can look in for a brush up and a cup of tea. Nowhere else will you find marble mantelpieces, armchairs, tables bearing bead ferns in brass pots and waiters in celluloid collars.

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This resolution has since been strikingly reinforced by the Health Organization of the League of Nations. Its Bulletin states: ' It is our considered and emphatic opinion that all liquid milk for human consumption should be adequately pasteurized or boiled.'

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Into this scene, and to buy a neo-feudal mansion in salmon-glazed brick, generally known as the "pickle factory," come not only the usual lovers at variance, not only the usual "twerp" who is a complete "heel" and "a chap who knows chaps," but a Princess. A Princess, moreover, who is "the sand in civilisation's spinach." There is, I think, no need for me to gild this lily.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SEDATIVES, MILD AND STRONG

Constructive Democracy. Edited by SIR ERNEST SIMON. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Humanity in Politics. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

Education for citizenship has an ominously totalitarian sound. You can elaborate a technique for producing good Nazis or good Communists, but can you do the same for democracy? Are there certain characteristics which every democrat ought to display, and is there either a philosophy or a body of knowledge which the citizen of a democracy should learn?

Sir Ernest Simon and his colleagues evidently believe that the thing is possible. *Constructive Democracy* contains the speeches delivered at a conference in which an agreed basis was sought for the democratic faith. Viscount Halifax, the Marquis of Lothian, Mr. Attlee and others sat down in solemn conclave to elaborate a creed which all devout democrats can, agreeably with their consciences, recite. Creeds are notoriously useful either for the expulsion of the unpopular, or for the concealment of conflicts. For the former purpose, their makers state precisely what they think; for the latter, they omit any important matter which may offend any important personage who should not be offended. Sir Ernest Simon's colleagues have, true to their country's ecclesiastical tradition, adopted the latter course; and as a result *Constructive Democracy* is a string of soothing platitudes which will offend no one except the perverse cynics who believe that democracy needs no soothing. By seeking an agreed basis, Sir Ernest has reduced democracy to the lowest common denominator of ineptitude.

This is not surprising. Democracy is the peaceful organisation of conflict. It lives, when it lives, through passionate disagreement; and when democrats agree to differ, democracy dies. We shall not retain our liberties against totalitarian creeds by shaking hands with our opponents. There is no education for citizenship open to us which is not education for partisan activity, no institutions which we can value more highly than the social objectives we believe to be just. Of course, there are *facts* which every voter should know, and these can be taught through our normal educational channels. But there is no faith which every citizen can be expected to share, except the pious aspiration that, in order to gain his objectives, he will not be compelled to use force.

Constructive Democracy does not even attempt to indicate the facts which democrats should learn. Scarcely any of its contributors even refer either to the economic organisations whose irresponsible power threatens to overawe popular government, or to the party system which permits the buying and selling of seats. These glaringly obvious dangers are avoided as controversial matters which might unstick one or two important signatures. Across this galaxy of high-minded agreement Sir William Beveridge shoots like an angry comet, with a brilliant essay on "Planning." Here at last, you feel, is someone talking, and talking angrily, out of his experience. For a moment you feel the swish of controversy before you see once more the pallid steady light of Mr. Henderson of All Souls, and know that you are back in orthodoxy once more, with a sound, broad-minded fellow there to tell you that if any political party tried really to *do* anything, it would seriously undermine the Constitution. Mr. Henderson is the incarnation of non-political superiority. I hope Sir Ernest Simon will not persuade too many young people to believe that he is a democrat with whom they must fundamentally agree.

From Mr. Henderson, we pass naturally to Mr. Arthur Bryant, who not only contributed to *Constructive Democracy*, but thought his contribution worth republishing along with his weekly sermons in the *Illustrated London News*. "Humanity in politics is," we are informed, "a source book of the enduring political ideas and principles that underlie and transcend contemporary politics." But it is not as formidable as that: indeed, those who enjoy their Beverley Nichols will find Mr. Bryant quite as digestible. For Mr. Bryant is a Conservative who knows that the people who read him do not want and should not have too much politics. The enduring political ideas of which he chiefly writes are his garden, the weather, late trains, Proms, and the Coronation. Even when he does touch on politics, it is to point out how dear Mr. Chamberlain loves blackbirds, and is not really the serious politician we thought him, but an ordinary chap like ourselves.

I recommend *Humanity in Politics* to all serious students of politics. Its breezy good cheer, its cottage sentimentalism, and its Coronation gush should be very carefully analysed, since they are the stock-in-trade of modern Conservatism. Conservatism, new style, is young, good-looking, and "sincere." It detests reactionaries only less than it detests "agitators." Renouncing post-war cynicism, it stands for a return to wholesome ethics, and to a kindly care for the underdog. Theology it smiles at, believing that Christianity is a social gospel which can pull England together and save it from Bolshevism, Fascism and all those theories which sound English sense instinctively rejects. But above all it is tolerant, non-political, and essentially democratic. Mr. Bryant exudes tolerance, even of the London bus-men; he is ecstatic in his contempt for people who try to drag politics into everything instead of leaving it where it belongs in the hands of the ruling class. And he is democratic, except that he does not believe in equality or that sort of intellectual nonsense. *Humanity in Politics* is education for citizenship—of a sort. It teaches us to value what we have and to respect the status of those who have more: it advises us not to think too hard about politics because there are things more important than politics such as gardens, and Mr. Chamberlain's blackbird. It exhorts us to be fair-minded and see the other fellow's point of view—as long as he is not one of those perverse people who think too much. Of such people Mr. Bryant is not too tolerant. Their exaggerated interest in awkward facts appears to him one-sided and un-English.

In short, Mr. Bryant is educating his audience to consent good-naturedly to the *status quo*. Conservatism, he feels, is not a political creed, but the non-political good sense of all true democrats. The Conservative Party stands for the independent man who sees things in perspective and recognises that even the Labour Party and the Trade Unions have their place in broad-minded Britain. Only, he urges, "Keep your heads, and do not trust these narrow party politicians." Chastising a Liberal who dared to make the one-sided statement that China was a country of ancient civilisation, he writes, on page 302: "This dogmatic refusal so much as to consider any facts that run counter to one's own preconceived views constitutes a serious menace to the peace of the world. . . . The obligation on those who instruct our democracy not to distort facts by concealing half of them is, therefore, very great. It is hard to conceive of any more important obligation of good citizenship."

Could anyone speak fairer than that? Mr. Bryant wants to see the bitterness of party warfare replaced by a regime of truth, tolerance and understanding. With this in view, he reprints his *Observer* articles of last summer. Here we read: (page 345) "Guernica was a military objective, full of troops and munitions and a key point of the defence in the operations then in progress." (Page 326) "Red Spain is not a constitutional democracy. It is an inferno." (Page 81) "In a great town like Malaga all but two of its thirty-eight churches were burned by the orders of the Communist party." There is a dirty cleverness in all this: first of all it lulls the reader into a belief in breezy superiority to partisan politics and then it slips in unawares these snippets of Fascist propaganda. Mr. Bryant, for all his humanity, suits the *Observer*; his writing is Garvin-cum-rosewater and as such is infinitely more pernicious than the fulminations of the old filibuster himself. While Garvin raves politically, Bryant sweetens the pill with a liberal coating of high-minded tolerance, Christianity and social gossip. Of such is the new Conservatism, and of such is the education for citizenship which it sedulously preaches.

In conclusion, let me return to Sir Ernest Simon. Unlike Mr. Bryant, he is sincerely concerned about democracy, and passionately believes in social progress. If he wants a revival of democracy, however, he has got to take the plunge and be denounced by independent-minded people of position and influence. Democracy can only be revived by a democratic party with a democratic policy of attack upon privilege and power, and its citizens can only be educated politically by the conflict of party warfare. There is no other easy, non-political way. If you seek, as Sir Ernest seeks, to find a Lowest Common Denominator of agreement between men of good will, you will find it, not in a democratic faith, but in Mr. Arthur Bryant. I like Sir Ernest enough to believe that even his good nature would revolt from such an eventuality.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS

Familiar Quotations. Edited by JOHN BARTLETT. *Macmillan.* 21s.

The new Bartlett, which contains over 1,500 pages, is more than a reference-book, it is an anthology. There are quotations from almost all the most distinguished modern writers. Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Bertrand Russell, Norman Douglas, James Joyce, Stella Benson, Richard Hughes, W. J. Turner, Wystan Auden, Stephen Spender and William Plomer are here, as well as Gide, Valéry, Rilke and Kafka. We are given Gertrude Stein and E. E. Cummings, but no W. J. Locke, no Charles Morgan, no Wilhelmina Stitch. Mr. Christopher Morley explains: "In the matter of new inclusions we have tried to make literary power rather than width and vulgarity of fame," that is, he has put beside the familiar quotations, the quotations that he would wish to become familiar. In fact he has done his bit for the highbrows, and I thought I had even found a passage from my particular fancy among living novelists:

> "It was their Silver Wedding; such lots of silver presents, quite a show."
>
> "We must not grudge them their show of presents after twenty-five years of married life; it is the silver lining to their cloud."

But this turned out to be by Saki, not by Miss Compton-Burnett.

The object of the original Bartlett, which was first published in 1855, was to show "the obligations our language owes to various authors for numerous phrases and familiar quotations which have become "household words." And Mr. Morley begins his Preface with the question, "What makes words memorable?" But, in fact, very few of the quotations from good living authors seem to be "memorable," while some lines from second-rate, and even twenty-second-rate, writers cling leech-like to one's memory. I had never previously heard the name of Dorothy Frances Blomfield Gurney, but I knew, and am unlikely ever to forget, her quatrain:

> The kiss of the sun for pardon,
> The song of the birds for mirth—
> One is nearer God's heart in a garden
> Than anywhere else on earth.

The quality of being memorable can be quite unrelated to literary excellence. Some lines indeed are memorable only for their absurdity—Thomson's:

> O, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

and Browning's:

> Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

and Alfred Austin's:

> Now that April's over
> The cuckoo-flower grows mauver and mauver.

It is interesting, therefore, I think, to look through a collection like this in search of the characteristics that make lines into quotations. Most popular of all, I think, is the neat rendering of a common sentiment, "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." And the new Bartlett is, as Mr. Morley claims, "a sort of anthropology," because it is packed with the phrases in which the inarticulate man recognises himself. Proverbs are the oldest quotations, and Shakespeare's continuous popularity with persons who care nothing for poetry has come largely from the wise saws with which he peppered his plays, Polonius's advice and suchlike.

In the new Bartlett, Mr. Morley tells us:

> Shakespeare and the King James Bible are far in the lead. After them come Milton and Pope. The excitement is to see that Kipling now comes, in the matter of space conceded, just about abreast of Tennyson and Byron.

I fancy that the high place given to Milton is partly an acknowledgment that he is after Shakespeare the greatest English poet, and partly a legacy from the past. For Milton is rarely proverbial. Kipling, on the other hand, is an almost inexhaustible tin-mine:

> And a woman's only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.
>
> There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
> And every single one of them is right.
>
> The female of the species is more deadly than the male.
>
> For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under the skin.
>
> If I were damned of body and soul,
> I know whose prayers would make me whole,
> Mother o' mine.

The gift for throwing up such memorably metallic phrases may not be as contemptible as modern writers seem to suppose. Anyone who has learnt at Oxford to lisp in epigrams will be snubbed in London by the contempt of his Cambridge acquaintances. If he persists, his ill-breeding will be exposed to a larger public, in "Sayings of the Week." And he may end in Bartlett, a fly enambered in the company of Wordsworth, Wilde and Wilcox.

The sentiments predominant in Bartlett are highly creditable to the human race. There is little hatred, and only an occasional cynicism. Gardens, mother, dogs, kindness and peace are almost unanimously well spoken of. Life itself gets a more mixed press. It is authoritatively declared to be a battle, a blunder and a shame, a bubble, a copycat, a dance, a disease, a dream, a foreign language, a good thing, a pest, a ladder infinite-stepped, a lie, a loom, a mystery, a narrow vale, a progress, a short summer, a shuttle, a torn book, a very funny proposition, a watch or a vision, a wave, an adventure in experience, a cheat, a treason and a stratagem. In short, no one can peruse Bartlett without growing wiser and more perplexed.

If I were so base and temerarious as to set General Knowledge questions from what I have learnt here, I might ask for the source of the following quotations or phrases: The way of all flesh; Land of hope and glory; God made the country and man made the town; *Et ego in Arcadia vixi*. And the answers would be John Webster, A. C. Benson, Cowper and Bartholomew Schidoni. Mr. Morley and his collaborators have done their work on the whole generously and well. But the book is intended in the first place for the American public, and an English reader will find a prodigious number of American lines that are not familiar to him and do not deserve to be familiar to anyone. He will, on the other hand, fail to discover many very familiar English quotations, particularly those from politicians. (No "remove that bauble," no "lucus a non lucendo," no "damned dots," no "extinct volcanoes," no "old man in a hurry," no "terminological inexactitude," no "wait and see," etc., etc., etc.) The French section is inadequate and ill-chosen. There are sixteen quotations from the boring Fénelon, only five from La Bruyère, only two from Talleyrand, two from Balzac, and none from Rivarol. Mme. du Deffand is quoted, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte," but, without its context, the remark is more platitudinous than witty. We are not told that it was her comment upon the

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story of St. Denis going for a long walk with his head under his arm. I noticed also that Browning's "Dear dead women" is quoted, but the four succeeding words are omitted, "with such hair, too." Surely it is these that make the line memorable? Ibsen is gravely under-represented (the younger generation does not knock at the door, nor are there vine-leaves in the hair). But after wandering for hours among these fragments that have survived, sometimes so fortuitously, from the uncountable millions of written words, often picking up here and there a brightly coloured pebble or a hair-bracelet or a broken vase, how should one not be grateful to the industry and taste that have brought so much delight and amusement? RAYMOND MORTIMER

SEX

Sex in Relation to Society. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. *Heinemann*, 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Illustrated Second Volume of the Encyclopedia of Sexual Knowledge. By DRS. A. WILLY, L. VANDER, O. FISHER and Others. *Francis Aldor*. 21*s*.

The Great War does not appear to have left a world safe for democracy, but it has certainly made England a safer place in which to discuss sex. In 1910, when Havelock Ellis first published *Sex in Relation to Society* as the final volume of his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, the book could only be sold to members of the medical profession. To-day the new edition, abridged and revised, is available to anyone who can afford 12*s*. 6*d*. Partly, this greater freedom of speech can be attributed to the general discredit of pre-war values in post-war society. But Havelock Ellis himself may claim a share in the alteration of public opinion by his persistent advocacy of a scientific approach to erotics; although I doubt whether he would have gone far without the powerful reinforcement of Freud. The dominant feature in the modern view of sex is the widespread dissemination of Freudian ideas. The pure-minded champions of sexual taboo have discovered that their pure-mindedness is just a repression of sex into the unconscious, while any desire for vindictive prosecutions of "pernicious" literature merely reveals that the repression is not working very satisfactorily.

Havelock Ellis has reached the age of 78, and in his declining years enjoys the satisfaction—rare to a prophet and a reformer—of seeing the causes he espoused making headway all along the line. In the 524 pages of *Sex in Relation to Society* we can see how much progress has been attained in the care of motherhood, the sexual education of children, the valuation of sexual enjoyment, the regulation of prostitution, the control of venereal disease, birth control, the relaxing of the bonds of marriage and the art of love.

Childbirth is less dangerous than it used to be, both for mother and child, and pregnancy is winning more consideration from the State. Pre-natal clinics are increasing, and, with the prospect of a falling population, the national endowment of pregnancy is probably not far off. Children and adolescents are receiving at least a wider, if not better, education in sex; it must be an exception nowadays for a girl to get married while still a sexual ignoramus. The aesthetic value of nakedness may not yet be as generally appreciated by town councils and the police as Havelock Ellis would like; but its hygienic value, for the absorption of solar rays, has achieved for it a modicum of respectability. At least, nudist societies are not prosecuted as hotbeds of vice. As for sexual enjoyment, the idea that women *can* enjoy copulation has been rehabilitated among the educated middle classes after 100 years of Victorian oblivion.

Prostitution is a most intractable problem. Havelock Ellis believes that it might die a natural death when children are properly educated in sexual matters and marriage is more congenial or more easily dissolved. I fear we can only dispense with prostitutes in an idyllic society, where no women are venal and no men neurotic. Yet it is generally admitted that professional prostitution is on the wane, owing to the increase of promiscuous relations between men and women of the same social class. Licensed houses are almost obsolete; only France, of the great nations, persists with the system, and even there they are completely discredited as a weapon against venereal disease.

The war against syphilis and gonorrhea is not by any means won, but the enemies are in retreat. An American expert Wolbarst states that "with proper treatment intelligently administered, and with the full co-operation of the patient, it is safe to say that every case of syphilis and gonorrhea ought to be completely cured." Between 1920 and 1924 the number of new cases of syphilis in Great Britain fell by half; and never again will a quarter of the blind population in this country owe their misfortune to gonorrheal infection at birth.

Birth-control, with all its defects, has spread to every class of society, and by its very ubiquity raises the new spectre of declining populations. The English Divorce Law has become slightly more humane, although we are still a long way from divorce by mutual consent, the only logical corollary to marriage by mutual consent. The art of love, alone of all Havelock Ellis's chapter headings, remains very much what it was in the time of Ovid.

Much of the material in *Sex in Relation to Society* has been gathered from the vast literature on sex and sexual statistics. But in addition Havelock Ellis has had access to a wealth of personal details from private correspondents. One of the most remarkable instances is a diary of a married couple recording the frequency of coitus during thirty-four years of married life. Another is the testimony of an American professional man on the effects of vasectomy. At the age of 30 this man was married and the father of as many children as he could provide for. His wife disliked birth-control, so the husband underwent the sterilisation operation of vasectomy. The operation is slight, and did not interfere with his work for a single day. After six years had elapsed Havelock Ellis could report in the 1910 edition of this book that the operation was a complete success in every way. Twenty-four years later, at the age of 60, this correspondent was able to confirm the first report. "Age sixty finds me vigorous, with every zest in life entirely unabated." The future of birth-control may be vasectomy.

Another form of birth-control is put forward as a recent discovery in the *Illustrated Second Volume of the Encyclopedia of Sexual Knowledge*. Professor Knaus, of Prague, and a Japanese scientist called Ogino purport to have discovered the period during which ovulation occurs in women. If this claim is substantiated pregnancy can only take place during a maximum period of ten days in the menstrual cycle, and "natural" birth-control will be a practicable proposition. The evidence on which the theory is based, however, is comparatively meagre; and the history of birth-control has been so far a series of disappointments. The encyclopedia provides every assistance by means of ovulation

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calendars for those who wish to experiment on the lines of this new discovery. The rest of this illustrated encyclopedia is a voluminous recapitulation of the material in the first volume, together with over 200 illustrations, 40 of which are in colour. The illustrations are for the most part necessarily medical and schematic. It is a delicate task to illustrate an encyclopedia of sex, and the authors of this work have been obliged to present the subject in its most severe and formidable dimensions. This second volume deserves as much success with the general public as the first. RALPH PARTRIDGE

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The English Garden. By RALPH DUTTON. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

A history of gardening (Mr. Ralph Dutton points out, in the preface to his admirable study of *The English Garden*) suffers necessarily from the impermanence of its subject. While the masterpieces of architecture, even though they are constructed of the softest and most friable of stones, will continue to stand when they have been deserted by their inhabitants for many generations, the triumphs of horticulture must pass away in a few years. Paths and lawns merge into the same wilderness; fountains dry up or are choked with weeds; topiary works develop a green fringe of untidy whiskers—then break apart into a jungle of separate shrubs. Very few gardens are preserved in fact. The taste of one century becomes the abomination of the age that follows it; and where the disciples of Le Nôtre planted a quincunx, "Capability" Brown restored a thicket; where Bridgeman planted a symmetrical avenue, Repton designed an ingeniously meandering walk. Knot gardens were abolished to make way for parterres—parterres were themselves replaced by natural greensward.

No art is more aesthetic in its implications. Indeed, a whole history of aesthetic taste might be extracted from the history of gardening; since every art has some connection with its development. It influenced poetry: it was influenced by painting. Thus, medieval gardens might be likened to medieval lyric verse, in which a certain naive beauty was circumscribed by all manner of restrictions; for the gardens of the Middle Ages had, so to speak, a somewhat didactic aspect. They were planted for use as well as for beauty, situated between the ramparts of a fortified dwelling or inside the high-walled precincts of a prosperous monastery; and their array of herbs and vegetables outnumbered their flowers. The author of the first English book on practical husbandry, *Mayster Jon Gardener*, allows more than twenty lines to herbs of medicinal and culinary value:

> Clarey tyme ysope and orage
> Myntys saucrey tuncarse and spynage
> Letows calamynte avans and borage. . . .

but to flowers an extremely meagre catalogue:

> Peruynke violet cowslyppe and lyly
> Rose ryde rose whyzte foxglove and pympernold
> Holyhocke coryawnder pyany. . . .

Elizabethan gardens were elaborate and fantastic; and, though Bacon deprecated various forms of popular garden ornament—"they be but toys: you may see as good sights, many times, in tarts"—the garden that he describes and recommends is as elaborate and as prettily "conceited" as a contemporary madrigal: "The garden is best to be square, encompassed . . . with a stately arched hedge. . . . Over the arches, let there be an entire hedge, of some four feet high . . . and over every arch, upon the upper hedge, a little turret, with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds: and over every space between the arches, some other little figures, with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt for the sun to play upon."

The great age of the formal garden was just beginning. English gardeners never rivalled the imposing achievements of Le Nôtre; but Rose, who had studied under him in France, proved an exceedingly apt pupil and was himself emulated by London and his partner, Wise. When that delightful maiden lady, Miss Celia Fiennes, toured England on a side-saddle, during the closing years of the seventeenth century, she noticed in every district through which she ambled splendid new country houses and ambitious new gardens, tastefully laid out with plantations, arbours, parterres and verdant walks "with all sorts of Dwarfe trees, fruit trees with standing apricot and flower trees." And Sir William Temple, returning from Holland at the same period, remarked that "few countries are before us, either in the elegance of our gardens, or in the number of our plants; and I believe none equals us in the variety of fruits which may be justly called good; and from the earliest cherry and strawberry, to the last apples and pears, may furnish every day of the circling year."

But, meanwhile, the Romantic movement was under way. Earlier periods had attempted to shut out nature, aiming at the man-made paradise of the *hortus conclusus*, enclosed with brick walls, pleached alleys or ramparts of yew. Now gardeners aimed at open prospects, which included garden and park in a single sweeping vista; and Mr. Dutton devotes a fascinating penultimate chapter to the efforts of William Kent (notorious for having planted dead trees in Kensington Gardens), "Capability" Brown, Uvedale Price and Humphrey Repton. Wildness and diversity were all the rage; irregular and picturesque details were invoked to lend charm to every view; sham ruins and bogus hermitages were immensely popular. On these, and other, vicissitudes of English gardening taste, Mr. Dutton writes in a style that is at once informative and lively. He is never dull; but he is never merely amusing. His scope is wide; but he does not attempt too much; and yet, at the same time, he manages to work his subject-matter into a large and comprehensive pattern. The book is illustrated with excellent photographs. Altogether, at seven-and-sixpence, it is absurdly cheap. PETER QUENNELL

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"I am not a Jew, I am just an ordinary Briton of Aryan stock." This remark was once made, according to Mr. Barzun, by Sir John Simon, and it is a magnificent example of what may come to be called Racism. In point of anthropological fact, of course, there is no such thing as an "ordinary Briton," and no such thing as "Aryan stock." Most educated people to-day are aware, as an unforeseen result of Nazi propaganda, that there is something suspect about the words "Aryan race," and many of these realise that "Aryan" is only permissible as a purely linguistic term. But the majority of such people still believe in "Races" as entities. How long it will take to persuade them that the

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comparatively parvenu word "Race" has lost its meaning from the scientific standpoint, is a matter for conjecture, and when one considers the sociological effects of Racism, for intensely gloomy conjecture.

Mr. Barzun was enabled, by the American Council of Learned Societies, to travel in Europe for eighteen months collecting data for the present work. His style is clear and pungent, except when overstuffed with proper names. It is difficult, however, to see how he could have avoided this: his book is an attack on racist-thinking, and its interest consists in the vast amount of evidence, chiefly among French historians and scientists, that he has managed to compile. Racism, as he sees it, is not the same thing as that "racialism" which, in his review of this book, Sir Arthur Keith has characteristically welcomed as being "as old as, or even older than, humanity itself." It is less hallowed than that: it is proto-Fascism, based on mysticism on the one hand, and pseudo-biology on the other. Count Arthur de Gobineau published his fateful *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines* in 1853, and Mr. Barzun has adduced a formidable array of celebrities in support of his theory that it was Gobineau's influence, more than that of any other one thinker, which transformed the nationalism of the nineteenth century into the xenophobia of the twentieth. He stresses the point that Gobineau was very arbitrarily interpreted, and is, indeed, inclined to overpraise him as a man and an intellect. Nevertheless, this chapter will be of value to the student, and does advance his claim that what Tacitus sowed, Gobineau reaped, and marketed. It was he who is largely responsible for the appearance of the great racial bogyman, the dolicocephalic Aryan-Nordic hero, whose mission it is to administer the globe. Mr. Barzun successfully demonstrates that, while Gobineau himself saw no hope of this being realised, believing in inevitable degeneration for a "semitised" and "nigritised" Europe, the political programme of Maurras and the *Action Française* is simply the development of the same ideas. At the time, Gobineau influenced Taine, Renan and Sorel in France; Carlyle, J. R. Green and Kingsley in England, and Wagner, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer in Germany. The infection spread so rapidly and so insidiously, not only among philosophers and historians, but also among scientists, that it is almost with surprise that one is reminded of the lonely protests of such men as Virchow and John Stuart Mill. The author quotes the latter, and I agree with him that "in that calm statement is condensed the nature and danger of the error."

> Of all the vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences.

In Germany, of course, Gobineau received an increasingly warm welcome, and it is an ironic thought that the dream-world of Hitler and Rosenberg is directly traceable to a peevish French diplomat.

From the ethnological point of view, it is to be regretted that Mr. Barzun has rather fought shy of genetics, the principal enemy of the Race concept. From the historical, it is a pity that he did not deal more fully with Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Wagner's son-in-law, whose vulgarisation of Gobineau earned him subsidies, and immense letters, from the Kaiser. Chamberlain is the point at which Racism (in his case, the Nordic myth) first becomes seriously grotesque, and seriously dangerous. Sadly enough, there is room here for only one more of the author's specimens of Racism in recent years. It concerns an eminent Frenchman, Dr. Edgar Bérillon, who had governmental authority to lecture all through France during the war. His findings are recorded in the reports of the Society of Medicine of Paris, and of the French Association for the Advancement of Science:

> His discovery is that the German race suffers from Polychesia (excessive defoecation) and bromidrosis (body odour).

In concluding, I should like to draw the author's attention to one sentence of his own:

> English historians should have known better, but they did not refrain from chorusing the same opinions compounded of race-fictions and national hatreds.

Should have known better? Why, Mr. Barzun?

Magnus Hirschfeld died in Nice in 1935. A Jew, he founded the famous Institute for Sexual Science in Berlin, which was destroyed by the Nazis two years before his death: fortunately, he was away at the time, or he would certainly have been murdered. As it was, his unique library of ten thousand volumes was burned in the Opera Square. He confided *Racism* to Eden and Cedar Paul, who have produced this exceptionally readable translation. The book itself is so comprehensive, and so spirited and amusing, despite the subject, that its haphazardness, and one grave scientific inaccuracy, may be forgiven. The mistake concerns the Blood-Groups, which Hirschfeld says are "equally distributed" everywhere. Since, for example, all the original, indigenous Americans belong to Group I, this is a fallacy. Apart from this, the author replaces Gobineau with Vacher de Lapouge, who was only a superior, and French, H. S. Chamberlain. (He is still alive, and regards the Nazi Frick as his "faithful disciple.") On the other hand, he recognises the importance, as anti-racists, of H. J. Muller, Humboldt, Gruber, and Burbank, all of whom Mr. Barzun has neglected. Hirschfeld emphasises anti-semitism, but this is not unnatural, and the superb quotations can only make one grateful. One German ethnologist, Herr Hauser, complains of Ostics, and defends Nordics, thus:

> He (the Ostic) is extremely sensual, and boasts of his potency, while being as a rule much less of a stallion than he pretends. He pays his way wherever he goes, seldom gets into difficulties, and is too shrewd to allow himself to be fleeced by blackmailers; whereas the Nordic is again and again victimised in this way, often on account of some trifling peculiarity in his sexual life.

One wonders what Herr Hauser really means. Still, it all sounds very unfair. Among many, one of Hirschfeld's most entertaining and instructive discoveries is the squabble between Mussolini and the official Nazi medical journal. It is beyond comment:

> In the *Basler National Zeitung* of October 10th, 1933, Mussolini is reported: "It is a humorous fact that hardly any of the champions of the pre-eminence of the Teutonic race were themselves Teutons. I think of Gobineau, who was a Frenchman; of Chamberlain, an Englishman; of Woltmann, a Jew; of Lapouge, another Frenchman."

He might have added something about Hitler and Goebbels. Two weeks later, speaking in the Piazza Venezia, he said that since Fascism was spiritual, and the Nazis were materialists, the Latin race "had no need to isolate itself from other races, from foreigners, being prepotent enough to absorb other races, and even to assimilate the Jews." On November 25th, J. von Leers, President of the Nazi Students League, replied with a long onslaught in *Deutsches Aerzteblatt*, of which this is one sentence:

> Mussolini has had to put up with Marxians, democrats and Catholics. He could not formulate a racist ideal, for the simple reason that most Italians look like Jews, and most Jews look like Italians.

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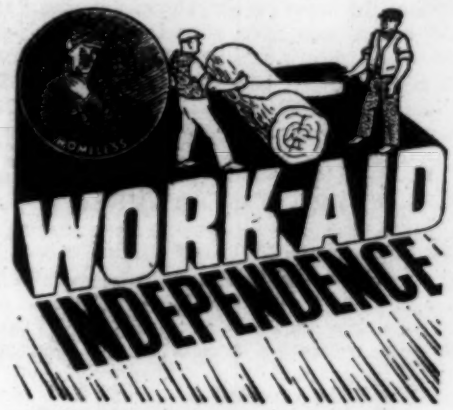

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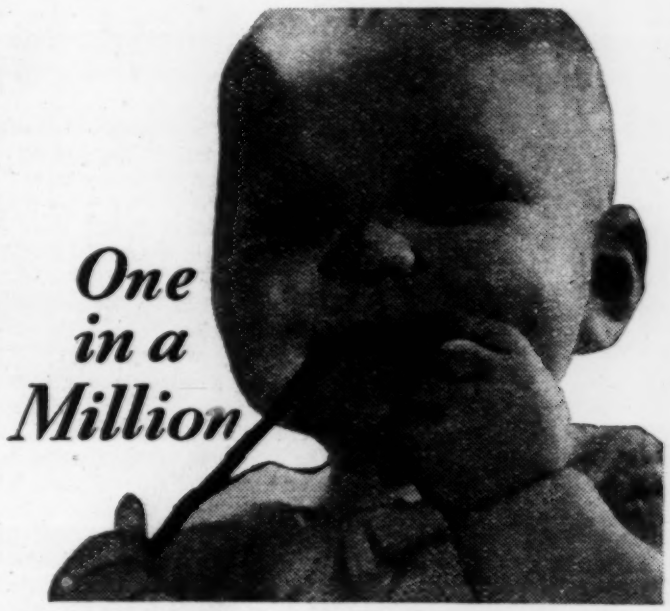

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For years Mr. C. W. Beaumont, that good and accurate historian of the Ballet, has been doing a wonderful work for the art of Dancing by unearthing valuable books and reproducing them for the delight of the student and lover of ballet. Among his many achievements his latest, *The Complete Book of Ballets*, must be his most monumental. It is of biblical proportions, beautifully produced and illustrated, and is dedicated to one of the most delightful of dancers—Lydia Lopokova. Let us hope that the book, deservedly, will have as many readers as that charming ballerina had followers.

It is a collection of the stories of the most famous ballets, grouped together under the names of their various choreographers, with full particulars about the author of the themes—the designer of the costumes and scenery—the composer of the music—date and place of first production—and a list of the original cast. The themes are given in considerable detail. It is a matter of opinion whether all this detail is of interest. Personally I find Mr. Beaumont's exactitude preferable to the poetic and meaningless meanderings of some writers on ballet of to-day. Mr. Beaumont never gives false or enthusiastic facts. His information can be relied upon, though at times it might seem tedious. He could, I am sure, give the exact date when Taglioni first sprained her foot. That, however, is less tedious than the criticism which reads into ballets depths and meanings that exist only in the writer's own imagination. For it is impossible to give an impression of what a ballet is really like. It may be well or badly danced, the choreography may be inventive or *routinier*, the music may be the starting point or merely an accompaniment. Literary interpretation is no help. The best ballet criticism is that which leads us to the theatre to judge for ourselves.

All the themes in Mr. Beaumont's book are long and elaborate. Most of the ballets of the nineteenth century took a whole evening to perform. To-day it is seldom so—I think the reason of their being possible in the nineteenth century was the fact of the convention of the mime scene, which to us to-day is no longer permissible as it slows down the action. In those days perhaps the audience understood what to most people to-day would be meaningless gestures. On the other hand it gave the dancers time to rest in between, and the audience time to relax while the villain came and swore revenge!

To-day one cannot come forward and explain by gestures what is happening, and the arguments of the best modern ballets can generally be written on the back of a post-card. All the action is expressed in dancing and the characterisation is expressed choreographically.

In Mr. Beaumont's book there are wonderful plots to which devisers of ballet may help themselves. The part dealing with the nineteenth century is the most interesting for professionals. We have seen the modern ballets for ourselves. But for the amateur perhaps the latter part is more interesting. He can there look up the ballets that have hitherto seemed obscure and he will be helped to a clearer understanding of the balletic theme.

This is a book to please all tastes. There are books one reads and books one holds. I like both to read and hold *The Complete Book of Ballets*.

FREDERICK ASHTON

SHORTER NOTICES

War Can be Averted. By ELEANOR F. RATHBONE. *Gollancz.* 5s.

Miss Rathbone's little book is marked by the attractive directness and common sense that distinguish her work in the House of Commons. Effectively it is a plea for a return to a League policy of collective security on the basis of a united front of all those elements in our public opinion which see in the present muddle and drift of the National Government the clear road to war. Miss Rathbone draws up a formidable indictment of the Cabinet's policy since 1931; and she has little difficulty in showing that the type of pacifism of which Mr. Lansbury is the exponent is not effectively realistic in the kind of world we inhabit. Her demand is for a Great Britain to lead a group of states within the League strong enough in their unity to resist aggression. Because she does not think the Labour Party can win alone or in time; and because, further, she has no hope that the National Government will take this step, Miss Rathbone pleads earnestly for the united action of its opponents in the political field before it is too late.

The strength of Miss Rathbone's argument lies in her sense of the urgent need for immediate action. Its weakness, I think, is its attribution of disunity among the opponents of the Government's policy more to lack of faith and will than to any other factors. She underrates the interconnection between an effective League outlook and domestic policy. It is not easy to see Mr. Churchill and the Archbishop of Canterbury co-operating with the Labour Party on domestic issues in order to secure a change in international policy; yet both are among those she cites as the sponsors of a League policy such as she desires. The extent to which League action is possible in a world of competing capitalist imperialisms is hardly touched upon in her book. To those of us to whom that relation is the central problem in the present crisis, this is a grave defect in her treatment. But few will remain unmoved by her effective attack on the character of British policy. There, at least, she has made a case it will be difficult for anyone who looks at the facts to answer.

Pilgrimage of Grace. By WILLIAM BLISS. *Witherby.* 8s. 6d.

The common reader, though he may not know it, is well acquainted with Mr. William Bliss. He is the genial literary toper whose after-dinner hours are spiced with Montaigne, whose reveries are perpetuated in print. He is the man of feeling in our own time, the self-professed "good Shandean." These ambling memories of the first thirty years of a bland life contain interesting material. One reads of Mr. Bliss sailing an ice yacht on frozen meadows near Oxford, wandering round Rome, savouring the red wines of the *Romani Castelli*, doing a landlord's business in Ireland, abhorring birth control (apparently by his reference to Tom Jones) more than incest. In Rome Mr. Bliss hobnobs with important figu e: in the Society of Jesus, and he has more than one interview with the Pope; in London he is a busy man-about-town of

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London Amusements

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All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

APOLLO. Black Swans. Tues. & Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. This Money Business. Th., Sat.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

PALACE. Dodsworth. Sat., Feb. 25.

QUEEN'S. Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. JAMES'S. The Innocent Party. Th., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.

SAVOY. Thank You, Mr. Pepys. Mon., Sat.

STRAND. Room Service. Thurs. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. I Killed the Count. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611.) Popular Prices.
BALALAIKA (All seats bookable.)
TWO FULL Performances Nightly, 6.20 and 9.
2s. 6d. to 8s. 6d., INCLUDING TAX.

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
BLACK SWANS
by GEOFFREY KERR.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY.
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE
MUST POSITIVELY FINISH FEBRUARY 26th.

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. TEM. 8243.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122. Evgs., 8.30.
Matinees, WED. & SAT., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Mats., Th., Sat., 2.30.
THE DANIEL MAYER COMPANY Present
CYRIL CAMPION'S
THIS MONEY BUSINESS

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. EVGS., 8.15.
Mats., THURS. and SATS., at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in "HIDE AND SEEK"

LYRIC. Gerrard 3686.
Evgs. (except Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
Extra Saturday Matinees from Feb. 26th.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) Tues. next, 8.0.
GLADYS COOPER and PHILLIP MERRIVALE
DODSWORTH
Nora SWINBURNE, George CURZON, Henrietta WATSON.

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Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). WED., THURS. SAT., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS
LAST WEEKS OF LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

QUEEN'S. Gerrard 4517.
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Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THREE SISTERS

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) Evenings at 8.30.
Matinees, THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

ST. JAMES'S. Whi. 3903.
Evenings, 8.40. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
THE INNOCENT PARTY
by H. M. Harwood & Laurence Kirk.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in
AUTUMN
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

SAVOY. (Temple Bar 8888.)
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Mon., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN and W. P. LIPSCOMB in
THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30.
ROOM SERVICE
by John Murray & Allen Boretz.
"The Funniest Play of the Year"—*Daily Mail*.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY.

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Wed., Feb. 23 at 8. (Subs. 8.30. Sat. & Wed., 2.30).
LANDS'S END
Cathleen Nesbitt. Alan Napier.
Seats bookable, 8/6, 4/6 2/6. Vic. 0283.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whi. 6692.)
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sats., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET"
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

FILMS

ACADEMY, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
The film for which a Special Prize was created.
"LA GRANDE ILLUSION" (A),
with Erich V. Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Dita Parlo & Pierre Fresney.

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MONDAY, FEB. 21st, for SEVEN DAYS.
SEASON OF RUSSIAN FILMS.
THE NEW GULLIVER (U).
Also *SPANISH EARTH* (A).

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
Weights and Measures. By Keith Winter.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
Michael and Mary. By A. A. Milne.

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30.
Captain Brassbound's Conversion.
By G. Bernard Shaw.

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A QUIET meal, deliciously cooked—Lunch, Dinner, or late Supper (licensed till midnight), at RULES of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

THE CHATA (Russian). 17, Baker Street, W.1 (entrance George Street). Chef: Topolskov. Close midnight Sundays.

DANCE

CIVIL SERVANTS! Rally to Grand "New Outlook" Dance, Tuesday, Feb. 22nd, 7.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall. Admission 2s.

EXHIBITION

ENGLISH AND FRENCH PAINTINGS. Picasso, Smith, Rouault, Grant, Wolfe, Utrillo, Wood, Renoir, STORRAN GALLERY, 5 Albany Court Yard, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet, REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 304

the hansom-cab-music-hall era, and he gives an entertaining account of how he and some friends upset a democratic club they had founded when it started to take an interest in politics.

Painters and Personality. By SAM A. LEWISOHN. *Harpers.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Sam A. Lewisohn is a distinguished New York amateur of painting. This collection of brisk essays, on anything artistic from American transcendentalists to hints on becoming a collector, is entitled "A Collector's View of Modern Art." Mr. Lewisohn sees modern art in conventional tints. There is no struggle here for a new approach. And those who are familiar with the countless similar volumes which have appeared in the last twenty years may find that Mr. Lewisohn works overhard to establish what are to-day the clichés of criticism. Nevertheless, the superb illustrations (132) and Mr. Lewisohn's own good sense, good humour and modesty make it a pleasant book for a quiet hour.

After 1903, What? By ROBERT BENCHLEY. *Harpers.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Robert Benchley is the man who doesn't much like the plays he goes to see for the *New Yorker*. He has also been the hero and author of several pseudo-educational short films—*How to Sleep* was the most famous. His blurb calls him a radio star. *After* 1903 *What?* contains no discoverable explanation of or reference to its title. Most of the book is about the man Benchley and his troubles. His collection of neuroses is larger than that of Mr. James Thurber, and he is just as shameless and unresponsive to good advice.

> It was all that I could do to drag myself from one side of the bed to the other. It got so that the elevator had to come in and drag me. Then the elevator men went on strike and there I was, caught like a rat in a trap. That was of a Monday. Tuesday I felt a little better. I managed to read all the way through a foreign language paper before I realised that it was in a foreign language. I missed the funnies—that's how I finally found out. Friday, Saturday and Sunday—the same dull round! I sometimes wonder why I don't go crazy. Maybe I *am* crazy. In that case, I sometimes wonder why I don't get sane. Anyway, I sometimes wonder why.

How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. Some of these pieces might have been written as fugues for Groucho Marx. Indeed, comparison with the Marx family goes even deeper. They both take a fiendish delight in man-handling platitudes, enjoy carrying traditional horse-play to its logical conclusion, and can only be liked or loathed. The Benchley technique consists in revolting the decent feelings of his readers one by one, until an acute transference situation takes place, and they willingly submit to the relentless hammer-blows of the Benchley logic.

> Just sit still for a minute and think of something. Anything. Just say to yourself (if you can bear listening): "I will concentrate on frying eggs, to the exclusion of everything else. What am I putting into the pan? What is the force that heats the pan? What is the actual change that takes place in an egg under the influence of heat?
>
> "And who am I, while you are about it?"
>
> Go crazy, sister, go crazy! Just examine one of the words on this page, and go to town!

* * *

We regret that in last week's issue *China and Japan*, issued by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, was referred to as No. 2 of the Information Department Papers. This should have been No. 21.

Week-end Competitions

No. 415

Set by Desmond Shawe-Taylor

Suppose either an opera or a ballet to have been based upon one of the following works: *Antony and Cleopatra, Pride and Prejudice, David Copperfield, Barchester Towers, Madame Bovary, Mr. Polly, Death in Venice, A Passage to India, Héloise and Abélard, Mourning Becomes Electra, Flush, Pepita.* The usual prizes are offered for the best "synopsis," of the sort usually printed in theatre programmes, in not more than 300 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 25th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 413

Set by V. S. Pritchett

A First Prize of Two Guineas and Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be given for the best botanical description, including name and characteristics, of any of the following English flora, in 300 words: Eden, T. S. Eliot, Sir John Reith, Marie Stopes, Aldous Huxley, George Robey, Epstein, Lord Castlerosse, Lord Beaverbrook, Sir James Jeans, Charles Laughton, Hore-Belisha.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

This competition gave rise to more libel than I have ever seen in my life, and I must apologise at once to Sir John Reith, Hore-Belisha, T. S. Eliot, Marie Stopes, George Robey and the other notorieties, for having, in all innocence, stimulated the well-known ferocity of gardeners. The Hore-Belisha, transplanted from Palestine, leafless and globular, was the most obvious and most popular plant. "The fruit," as Ann J. Carpenter pointed out, "produces a good jam, while it is claimed by some that they have put them in many a good pickle." And most competitors noted the two varieties, particularly the winged and explosive seeds of the Mars or Khaki kind (H. J. H.). Other names for it were the Lesser Speedwell and Whitehall Beauty (Olric), who noted of the latter variety that "severe autumn pruning of the old shoots has been found beneficial to the young suckers." Frank Adams was amusing about Huxley—H. Longiverba scintillans (misnamed Parson's Joy) and better still on H. Pacifica Puritannica (Lesser Aphrodisiac).

> Through crossing with a member of the Heard Family, the resultant leaves are woollier, dark and very austere. . . . Fl. intermittently. Some maintain it has lost its bloom.

W. Leslie Nicholls had the best George Robey: "The Greater Eyebrow-wort, urban rather than rural in its distribution, it should be sought in shady spots for it thrives especially well on doubtful soil." Wm. Bliss had a highly technical Eden and Stopes, the latter "originally listed in florists' catalogues as "Glory of Natal," suggesting a South African origin. Now, however, proved to be a distinct sub-species and possibly a sport, or the result of Natural Selection, from that rare-seeding species, Malthusia Sterilis." The crop of Eliots was remarkable. A good one came from E. Davis: "The Eliotica Anaemica is of two species—the pale purple patch or Giant Pound, and the rambling papal or driprot . . . found all over the Claudel Downs . . . with its powdery cluster rising indistinctly above the blether." A. P.-R. was even better: "Crossed with the Marx-plant (*Carola Athanasia*), the Lenten Rambler gives a number of attractive but sterile hybrids, the best known of which is the Lesser Auden (*Pathetica wystannis.*)" A. F. Johnson was neat. M. Chisholm speaks of the *Canterberry* blooming "spasmodically at long intervals. Roots: Compound and tenacious if in suitable soil, i.e., a publishing house. Must be protected from early obstacles." Basil Schon noted that the *Reithia broadcastia* "flourished best in a subdued light and against an inconspicuous background, though occasional flashes of limelight appear to act as a stimulus to its growth." The general standard was indeed high and I was left tossing up between A. P.-R., Origo, E. Davis and Barnacle. The first two won. Origo has the first prize for being good-natured as well as witty and the second goes to A. P.-R.

FIRST PRIZE

LORD CASTLEROSSE

Tripundia vulgaris rotundifolia

This well-known hardy evergreen, of columnar habit, is justly prized for its usefulness in covering a variety of situations, since it establishes itself readily and, once it gets a hold, is not easily dislodged. It does not take kindly to a poor soil, but in a rich decayed compost, with judicious applications of bone meal lightly forked in, it will flourish abundantly. Perhaps it is happiest when planted at the west end of the garden beside a warm, sheltered wall, which it will practically cover. In such surroundings it will produce its showy flowers in great profusion and in the season unquestionably makes one of our most resplendent bloomers. It is also suited to the mixed border and forms an effective background to Love-in-Idleness. In most situations it is completely hardy, and even if it should happen to be cut by frost it can be depended upon to shoot up freely again. Its chief drawback is that though its output is prolific, its flowers are short-lived and seldom hold the attention for more than a single day. "ORIGO"

SECOND PRIZE

MR. T. S. ELIOT

THE LENTEN RAMBLER (*Crucifera spinoza*)

A sparse and prickly Rambler,* the classification of which has puzzled experts considerably. Distribution erratic, an escape from New England (where it appeared as a sport from an established stock), having appeared in Paris before 1910, though till 1926 it was unknown in England. From then it has been cultivated by horticulturalists of catholic tastes, many interesting hybrids being reported from North Oxford, Kew, and the Cambridge botanical gardens.

Though conservative in habit and preferring dry and sandy places, it assimilates a great variety of soils, though rarely establishing itself where there is no rock. The stems are straggling and fibrous, though with abundant pith: it grows best on a trellis or other firm support. The leaves, which are harsh and crisp, have well-marked points irregu-

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

CITY OF COVENTRY

APPOINTMENT OF ARCHIVIST

The Corporation of Coventry invite applications from qualified persons for the appointment of Archivist.

The post is open to men and women possessing the requisite qualifications. Applicants must be Graduates (preferably in History); must have a competent knowledge of Latin, Norman-French and Early English; and must be trained in palaeography and the care of MSS. Practical experience of reference library work will be a recommendation. Age must not exceed 40.

The salary offered is £305 per annum, rising (subject to satisfactory service) by annual increments of £15 per annum to a maximum of £350. The post is designated for superannuation purposes.

The full particulars and conditions of the appointment, and the official form of application, can be obtained by sending a stamped and addressed foolscap envelope to the undersigned; and applications must reach the undersigned not later than Saturday, the 26th February, 1938.

Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will be a disqualification.

Council House, Coventry. 8th February, 1938.

FREDERICK SMITH, Town Clerk.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.
William Noble Fellowship in English Literature.

Value £200. Tenable for one year. The holder must engage in a piece of research under the direction of the Professor of English Literature at the Univeristy. Applications, accompanied by published or MS. work, and (unless the applicant is a graduate in Arts in the University of Liverpool) three names as references, to be forwarded before Saturday, March 5, 1938, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

Candidates shall not be over the age of 35 on the day appointed for receiving applications.

Feb., 1938 STANLEY DUMBELL, Registrar.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
COUNTY LIBRARY.
APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in the County Library, Morpeth. Commencing salary £150 per annum. Candidates must possess professional qualifications for, and experience in, library work.

Further particulars and form of application, which must be returned to this office before February 28th, 1938, will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

County Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1. H. M. SPINK, Director of Education.

Cambridgeshire Education Committee.
CAMBRIDGE AND COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
Appointment of Headmistress.

Applications are invited for the post of HEAD MISTRESS to take up duty in January, 1939.

Candidates must be Graduates in Honours of a British University, and under 45 years of age.

The number of girls in the School is 444.

New school buildings are about to be built on a fresh site of 15 acres.

The salary will be £600 a year rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £775.

Application forms (which should be returned by March 5th, 1938) and further particulars will be forwarded by the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

Shire Hall, Cambridge. H. MORRIS, Education Secretary.

OXFORD. Lady Margaret Hall. Applications are invited for a Research Scholarship of the maximum value of £100 per annum for a woman graduate wishing to read for an Oxford Research Degree or to pursue some other definite course of research. Applications by March 11th. Further particulars from the Hall Secretary.

PRIVATE Secretary or Organiser. Ex personal and company secretary, seeks part-time or temporary work. Wide experience, including speaking, interested economics and history. Age 28. Oxford, now reading for the Bar. Box 348.

COUNTRY Solicitor, 26, Advocate, Conveyancer, Radical, writer, wants £350 post in London. Box 349.

YOUNG English Lady requires to work passage to India as companion or nurse to child. RATCLIFF, 73 Sutton Court Rd., W.4.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 304

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● **One of to-day's problems** is that of making the best use of leisure. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the resultant material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

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DURING my absence letters will be forwarded if possible, but telephone messages cannot be taken. ANTHONY PANTING, Photographer, of 5 Paddington Street, W.1.

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larly distributed about them, scratches from which appear to have irritant effects on delicate skins.

The flowers are a decided contrast to the general appearance, especially in their rich interior, and the faint but penetrating scent, which has been compared with that of incense, grilled steaks, and stuffy rooms. They resemble the Passion-flower, and are said by some authorities never to reach perfection before Ash Wednesday, and to be withered by Bank Holiday. Their curious and suggestive markings were regarded as symbolic by the Laodiceans, according to St. Ignatius. The anthers and stamens are equal in size, and the blooms generally self-fertilised. The hollow seeds, however, do not develop, the plant maintaining itself in the dried tubers through the winter. Though their acrid flavour is nauseating at first, discriminating judges have acquired a taste for them.

Crossed with the Marx-plant (*Carola athanasia*) the Lenten Rambler gives a number of attractive but sterile hybrids, the best-known of which is the Lesser Auden (*Pathetica wystannis*). A. P.-R.

* Though, of course, with no true resemblance to the Giant Ramble (*Samuel samuel*).

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 268.—DAUGHTERS OF EUPHROSYNE

"When they were young," said Euphrosyne, "the girls were so quarrelsome that I gave each of them a separate bedroom. Moreover, to avoid all suspicion of jealousy or favouritism, each occupied a different bedroom each year. This arrangement has lasted for nine years; so that by now each of the girls has successively occupied each of the nine bedrooms."

This plan seemed to me to have the makings of a puzzle in it, and I proceeded to collect more data.

Erato said: "My present room was last occupied by Melpomene. I forget who had it the year before that, but its successive occupants in the fourth, fifth and sixth years were Euterpe, Thalia and Terpsichore."

Terpsichore said: "Calliope had my room last year. Its previous occupant was Clio."

Urania said: "I forget in what order its last three occupants had my room. But it was used successively, in the second, third, fourth and fifth years, by Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene and Polhymnia."

Calliope said: "The last occupant of my room was Erato. Before Erato, Terpsichore; and before Terpsichore, Urania."

Melpomene said: "I'll tell you the first three occupants of my room. They were, in order, Thalia, Terpsichore and Polhymnia."

Euterpe said: "I can tell you who had my room in the second, third and fourth years. They were—in succession—Calliope, Erato and Clio."

Polhymnia said: "Euterpe had my room last year. Before her, Thalia."

Clio said: "Thalia was the last occupant of my room. Then, going back a bit, it was occupied in the fourth year by Terpsichore. Before her, by Urania; before her, by Erato."

From Euphrosyne herself I collected a few more stray facts. The same girl (she told me) occupied Thalia's present room in the first year, Urania's in the second, and Terpsichore's in the fifth. This girl's present room was occupied in the first year by Terpsichore, who in the fifth year was in the room originally occupied by Euterpe. Calliope occupied Polhymnia's room in the fifth year and Thalia's in the seventh. Clio, in the first year, had Erato's present room; Polhymnia, in the second year, had Terpsichore's.

Name the successive occupants of each room.

PROBLEM 266.—A DEAL AT CRIBBAGE

Solution next week.

PROBLEM 265.—DAFFODIL AND DAPHNE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: S. T. Newing, 6 Stoke Grove, Westbury-upon-Trym, Bristol. *Seven* points are awarded.

Caliban Solvers' Dinner. Friday, April 1st. Northumberland Rooms, Grand Building, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. 7 for 7.30. Morning dress.

"Caliban" solvers and their guests are eligible. Tickets 5*s.* per head (exclusive of drink) from Miss Kathleen Salmons, 22 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

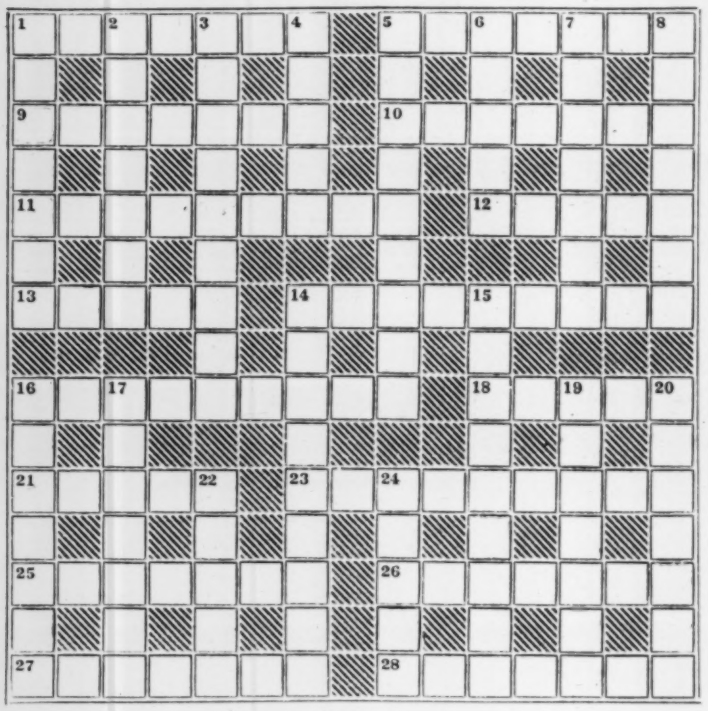
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 415

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S

The last week's winner is
Ian C. Gilchrist, 11 Carson Road, S.E.21.

ACROSS

1. Often sidetracked in a modern way (7)
5. Caricature the start of an overland journey (7)
9. Instructions that are often mastered as it were (7)
10. Edward takes a wager (7)
11. What the person in the top bunk is bound to do (9)
12. Fishy company (5)
13. To be seen today in the place that was known as Tyburn. (5)
14. Counter attractions perhaps (9)
16. All men are, but do not necessarily have, such splendid boys (9)
18 (rev.). Its skipper would no doubt be a strong linguist (5)
21. Obviously he has backed something. (5)
23. What the apple does in the dumpling? (9)
25. He was willing to renounce the flesh (7)
26. Pestilential chastisement (7)
27. This would be crockery at Ware (7)
28. A school desk is often let in for it (7)

DOWN

1. If blown up it might go almost sky-high (7)
2. Little aids to furniture removing (7)
3. One so angry-looking would never give you a straight glance (9)
4. She was a merry maid (5)
5. They make a stir at afternoon parties (9)
6. They are naturally capped (5)
7. The sort of life that's bound to involve exposure (7)
8. Can only play when strung up (7)
14. Uproarious way to make the Speaker take the Chair (9)
15. The job of the solver of riddles (9)
16. A dressy time (7)
17. The accounts of his examination are correctly signed (7)
19. The back of the driver (7)
20. The poet must have been given an inch (7)
22. Hurried to church in America (5)
24. Hi! Sir, come up over (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	■	C	O	M	P	L	I	C	A	T	E	D	■	■
C	■	H	■	R	■	E	■	O	■	I	■	O	■	P
O	P	E	N	S	E	A	■	N	I	G	E	L	L	A
U	■	R	■	B	■	S	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	R
G	O	O	S	E	S	T	E	P	■	R	E	F	I	T
H	■	O	■	E	■	■	■	I	■	■	■	U	■	I
L	A	T	O	T	■	T	A	R	P	A	U	L	I	N
O	■	■	■	O	■	R	■	E	■	C	■	■	■	G
Z	E	M	I	N	D	A	R	S	■	R	A	T	A	T
E	■	A	■	■	■	M	■	■	■	O	■	H	■	H
N	I	N	E	S	■	L	O	A	F	S	U	G	A	R
G	■	A	■	T	■	I	■	B	■	T	■	I	■	U
E	N	G	R	A	I	N	■	E	M	I	G	R	E	S
S	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	C	■	P	■	T
■	B	R	I	T	I	S	H	M	U	S	E	U	M	■

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 304

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Lecture on "ASPECTS OF THE STATUTE BOOK" will be given by MR. CECIL T. CARR, LL.D., at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, at 5.30 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

A Course of three Lectures on "SOCIAL EVOLUTION" will be given by PROF. A. R. RADCLIFFE-BROWN, M.A., F.R.A.I. (Professor of Social Anthropology in the University of Oxford) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on TUESDAYS, MARCH 1st, 8th and 15th, at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. B. Malinowski, D.Sc., Ph.D. (Professor of Anthropology in the University).
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Tickets may be obtained free of charge on application to the REGISTRAR, School of Oriental Studies, Vandon House, Vandon Street, S.W.1.

FEBRUARY 19th. A Special Performance of "Where's That Bomb?" "On Guard for Spain," and Dance Drama Group, at Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1 (Euston 5391), at 8.15 p.m. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton will be the guest of honour and will speak during one of the intervals. The proceeds are for Spanish Medical Aid. Book your seats now—direct from the theatre—at 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. Members and associates only.

CENTRAL London Group L.B.C. "THE PROBLEM OF THE PRESS" at the large Conway Hall, on Friday, February 18th, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Hamilton Fyfe, Kingsley Martin, John Strachey. Tickets 6d. from B. Reid, c/o 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

REIMANN WINTER LECTURES. FRED THOMPSON: "PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE DESIGNER." Friday, February 25th. These lectures supplement the training of the Reimann School of Commercial and Industrial Design, Friday evenings at 8 p.m. Visitors admitted, 1s. 6d. at door. Write for full list, N.S., 4–10 Regency Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Vic. 3131.

SOME MODERN PROBLEMS. A series of Talks and Discussions for those concerned about present-day World Problems has been arranged to take place at LANGDALE ESTATE in the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, from Wednesday, April 6th to 12th. The subjects to be discussed include Education, Health and Fitness, International Affairs, War, Unemployment. As accommodation is limited, early application is desirable. Further particulars may be obtained by writing "Conference N," Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside.

PHILIP NOEL BAKER, M.P., will speak on FOREIGN POLICY at Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, at 8.30 p.m. on FRIDAY, FEB. 25th. Tickets (5s., 2s. 6d., 1s.) from N. F. R. B., 37 Gt. James St., W.C.1, or AT DOOR.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, February 20th, at 11, LORD SNELL: "THE MORAL DEBASEMENT OF ANTI-SEMITISM." 6.30, H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE ETHICS OF EQUALITY."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, February 20th, at 11 a.m., Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc., "Modern Culture and Modern Psychologists." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

A LECTURE on the "Outlook in Europe" will be given under the auspices of the Kensington Branch of the League of Nations Union by Dr. G. P. Gooch, at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 22nd of February, in Kensington Town Hall. Tickets may be obtained from MISS CHARLESWORTH, Kensington High School, St. Alban's Road, W.8. Course 2s. 6d., single lectures 1s.; reduction for schools.

FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards world religion and world brotherhood. Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m., at Lindsey Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.8. Leader: REV. WILL HAYES. Feb. 20th: "TELLING THE BEES."

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("Marooning" the ice-floe scientists)
Introduced by H.P. Smolka ("40,000 Against the Arctic").
Sunday, February 27th, at 8.15 p.m. Cambridge Theatre, W.C.2. Tickets, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., obtainable from members of S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1 (EUSton 2315).

LAND AND LIBERTY DISCUSSION CLUB, 94 Petty France, S.W.1. (St. James's Park Station). Monday, 21st February, 7.45 p.m. Dr. S. Vere Pearson on "Some aspects of the overgrowth of London."

THE COMMUNIST CRUSADE AND THE UNIVERSITIES.

Great meeting of London students on Wednesday, Feb. 23rd, at the Large Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, commencing at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Ted Bramley (Leader London Communist Party). A London Student Communist. Chairman: Peter Hewett (Oxford University). Come and hear the Communist Party's proposals for peace and social advance.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

R. B. KERR will speak on "DEMOCRACY UNDER ECLIPSE" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 7 p.m. Admission free.

LEFT BOOK CLUB, South Kensington Group. Mr. L. A. Fenn on Professor Levy's "A Philosophy for a Modern Man." Friday, Feb. 18th, at 8.30. 48 Earls Court Road. All welcome.

LEWISHAM TOWN HALL. HERBERT MORRISON, G. R. STRAUSS, etc., speak in Aid of Spain. Monday, Feb. 21st, 8 p.m. Film, "No PASARAN!" Also Choir.

CHINA FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM. Joint meeting of Hampstead Left Book Club and China Campaign Committee. St. Pancras Town Hall, 7.45 p.m., February 23rd. Speakers: Victor Gollancz, Richard Acland, M.P., Major A. S. Hooper, H. D. Liem, Miss Koo Chu-Chen, George Cotton, A London Docker. Chairman: Earl of Listowel. Admission Free.
JAPAN CAN BE STOPPED: SUPPORT THE BOYCOTT.

"TRUTH OF NATIONAL FITNESS." Public Meeting, Thursday, March 3rd, 8 p.m., Royal Society of Arts, 18 John Street, Strand. Lantern Illustrations. Speakers: Prof. V. H. Mottram, Prof. Le Gros Clark, Prof. J. R. Marrack. Tickets 6d. and 1s. COMMITTEE AGAINST MALNUTRITION, 19C Eagle Street, W.C.1.

MODERN CULTURE INSTITUTE. Dr. Har Dayal, M.A., Ph.D., will speak on Friday, Feb. 25th, at 8.15 p.m., at the Caxton Hall, on "GANDHI'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE." Free.

APPEAL

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF VENEREAL DISEASE maintains: That effective scientific methods of prevention exist; that the public are entitled to know of them; that it is to the interest of the community that they sheu'd be made available with adequate instructions. Will those in sympathy with this policy, and willing to help towards its realisation, communicate with THE SECRETARY, N.S.P.V.D., 4 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

POLITICAL MARKETS—AMERICA'S GOLD—RAILWAY DIVIDENDS—RICHARD THOMAS

THE dead bones of the stock market, stirred by no favourable domestic news except the good revenue returns, rattled unpleasantly when the full extent of Hitler's mailed-fist domination over Austria became known. Austrian 7 per cent. stock fell to 95, and the 4½ per cent. to 80—prices which still flatter the wasting asset of a Nazified Austria's willingness or ability to meet her obligations. In the industrial share market forced selling had been evident earlier in the week, and the Austrian news precipitated further liquidation. The volume of transactions was comparatively small, but all one way, and prices of the best shares suffered severely. The gilt-edged market remained relatively firm. The Birmingham 3½ per cent. loan—an experiment which I prematurely described as a "failure" last week in view of the unusual length of time the list remained open—was eventually over-subscribed and stands at par, after $\frac{3}{16}$ premium. It is being followed by a Stirling County 3¼ per cent. loan, also at 98.

* * *

Brokers and jobbers, depressed by the news from the Continent, have tried to cheer their spirits with talk of coming inflation in America. Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury, gave some point to this idle gossip when he announced on Monday evening that there is to be a limit to the gold sterilisation policy. Gold acquisitions up to $100 millions every quarter are to be allowed in future to increase the excess bank reserves without any offsetting Treasury action. So far this quarter only $30 millions gold have been acquired, so that this amount will immediately be de-sterilised, like the $300 millions de-sterilised last September, by depositing gold certificates with the Federal Reserve Banks. Since the gold influx is not likely to exceed $100 millions per quarter at the present time, Mr. Morgenthau's announcement suggests the total abandonment of gold sterilisation. Moreover, if gold is withdrawn from America on foreign account, it is to be met from the sterilised hoard, not from the free gold in the banking system. Of course, Mr. Morgenthau's new policy does not mean inflation. It is merely neutralising the excessive deflation which was carried out in August, 1936, and January, 1937, when the Federal Reserve Board increased the reserve requirements of its member banks on each occasion by 50 per cent. To this extent the new move is welcome. If Mr. Roosevelt's Government cannot make up its mind whether it will move towards the Right and encourage private enterprise (as the recent meeting of "small business" men urged upon the President) or towards the Left and redouble its public works, it can surely steer a middle course and embark upon a rational, expansionist monetary programme. But it must be borne in mind that American bankers' cash is already ample; the excess reserves of member banks are in the region $1,400 millions. Mr. Roosevelt now says that commodity prices are too low; but they will not be reflated by expanding the credit base unless entrepreneurs borrow—or the Treasury spends—more.

* * *

Railway stockholders have been treated to a little "jam to-day," without very solid assurance of the continuance of jam to-morrow. The modest increase in the L.M.S. dividend, from 1¼ to 1½ per cent., disappointed the market, but the distributions of 1½ per cent. (against ½ per cent.) on Southern deferred and of 4 per cent. (as compared with 3 per cent.) on G.W.R. ordinary came fully up to expectations. Final conclusions as to the trend, present and prospective, of railway earnings may conveniently await the L.N.E.R. results and the publication of the full accounts of all four lines. On the basis of data so far available, I cannot see very much to go for in junior railway stocks. The G.W.R. has done relatively well. Of the £1,381,000 gross increase in railway receipts, 30 per cent. has been retained net, as compared with a net retention of 14 per cent. in the case of the L.M.S. and 10 per cent. in that of Southern. The belated recovery in South Wales has clearly helped the G.W.R. considerably, in the sense that more traffic has been carried with comparatively little need to expand existing services; moreover, net receipts from docks have jumped from £120,000 to £342,000. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that last year's gain of £403,000 in net railway receipts is less than half that recorded a year ago. The Southern, like the G.W.R., also did well out of its ancillary enterprises. Total net revenue shows an increase of £326,000. Net railway receipts increased by only £88,000, but there was a gain of £237,000 in net receipts from steamboats, as a result, presumably, of holiday and Coronation traffic to and from the Continent. Railway receipts in the case of the L.M.S. rose by the satisfactory figure of £2,771,000 gross, but expenditure was up by £2,387,000—of which 60 per cent. was accounted for by higher labour charges and dearer materials. I expect the L.N.E.R. results to be relatively more favourable, the effects of belated recovery in depressed areas being likely to operate in that system as they have done in the case of the G.W.R. Broadly speaking, however, the railways have gained little net advantage from the increases in charges which came into effect last October, following the August advances in wages; and the junior stocks are distinctly vulnerable in the event of railway workers securing further advances, for which—in the light of rising costs of living—they may legitimately ask.

* * *

Sir William Firth, chairman and managing director of Richard Thomas, has done something unusual by issuing a circular to shareholders in reply to a report by a firm of London stockbrokers who advised their clients to sell Richard Thomas debenture stock and preference shares. Most company chairmen regard most brokers' circulars as beneath contempt. But I think the shareholders of Richard Thomas will be grateful to Sir William Firth for giving the lie to rumours which might have injured the company's trade reputation as well as its shares. And stockbrokers should be the last to sniff at any extra information emerging from the company's board-room outside the official accounts. The information Sir William Firth gives is reassuring as far as it goes. The current weekly output profits of Richard Thomas are higher than a year ago; profits for the first 45 weeks are above the prospectus estimate and above 1936–37 profits; but orders for tinplates are 40 per cent. down (although equal to normal) and sheet output is 50 per cent. down. What the market fears is that when the great new works at Ebbw Vale are completed (by September) the company, with its greatly increased output, may be running into a slump. Sir William replies that the company with its lower production costs and higher quality of products will be better placed than its competitors to secure what business is available.

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Reserve Fund	8,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	321,111,385
Liabilities for Acceptances, Endorsements, Engagements, etc.	9,531,975
	£348,622,776

ASSETS

Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with the Bank of England	£32,448,577
Balances with, and Cheques in course of collection on, other Banks in the United Kingdom and Ireland, and Cheques, Drafts, etc., in transit	12,538,629
Money at Call and Short Notice	21,845,490
Bills Discounted	35,098,267
Investments	89,420,584
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	140,445,454
Bank Premises	7,293,800
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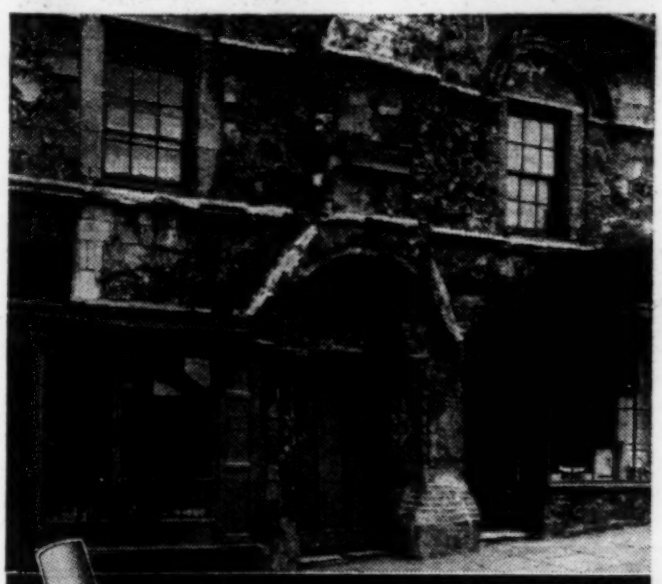

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